The Outlook

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Unpalatable Truths

AMBASSADOR HOUGHTON, having recently landed in this country, finds himself the target of verbal shafts from several quarters. His offense seems to be that of telling the truth about conditions in Europe. Whether he said what is attributed to him or not, he has been censured for it by writers in the English press, writers in the French press, and American Senators. Only less subject to attack because not so shining a mark is Mr. Hugh D. Gibson, the American Minister at Geneva. Neither of these diplomats was directly quoted, but their views were reported by correspondents of the press. One report —that by Mr. Carter Field, of the New York "Herald Tribune"—was inserted in the "Congressional Record."

What aroused the ire of certain journalists abroad and certain Senators here was apparently the view expressed by these diplomats that Europe was reverting to the old system of the balance of power, that the difficulty over the proposed admission of Germany to the Council of the League was due to the purpose of the Latin-Slavic group of nations to maintain their majority in the Council, and that Great Britain had found it necessary to come to such an agreement with France as to postpone all discussion of disarmament.

In Great Britain this report has been interpreted as a reflection upon British diplomacy. In France it has been interpreted as a representation of French imperialism and selfishness, and among American supporters of the League of Nations it has been interpreted as an attempt to discredit the League.

A great deal of the bitterness of this controversy is due to a misunderstanding of what the "balance of power" is. Apparently both in the minds of those who criticise the League as a failure and those who defend it as the promise of a better world, the balance of power is pictured as if it were the even setting off of one group of military forces against another group of military forces so that each is watching the opportunity for a slight diminution in the opponent's power as an occasion for war. It would be much truer to conceive of the word "balance" as the balance in a ledger. The object of diplomacy is to see that the balance of power is not written in red figures, but represents a surplus on the side of peace.

Disillusion

THE chief weakness in the statement of Mr. Houghton's views is in the intimation that Europe is reverting to a former state of affairs. As a matter of fact, Europe is not so much reverting to the balance of power as revealing the fact that it is still there, as it has always been.

P. & A. Photos

Alanson B. Houghton

What is happening is a gradual discovery of the fact that there is no real substitute possible or desirable for a balance of power on the side of peace. People who have supposed that something else could be substituted for it and that the League was that something else are becoming disillusioned. And almost always disillusionment brings bitterness. As a matter of fact, so far as the League is a political agency it will prove of value as it proves to be a means for making the balance of power function more openly and more reliably.

No light is thrown upon the problems of American diplomacy by such arguments as those of Senator Pat Harrison, which consist mainly in calling the President "Careful Cal," the Secretary of State "Nervous Nellie," and the Ambassador to the Court of St. James's "Gloomy Gus." When a Senator descends to such levels of debate, he injures nothing but his own cause. Apparently, what we lack in the United States Senate to-day is any Senator with a real knowledge of international problems. If there is any such Senator, he is strangely silent.

Brazil's Motives

THE real reason why the Council of the League of Nations adjourned without taking any action upon the admission of Germany has been a matter of surmise. On the surface it was the refusal of Brazil to approve the admission of Germany to a permanent seat without the acceptance of Brazil's admission for a permanent seat at the same time. It is hard to believe that a South American country would have taken this position of its own motion. Of course, the idea that the Western Hemisphere should always be represented on the Council of the League if the League is not to become merely European seems plausible. To bring, however, the League itself so near to a wreck and to postpone, if not endanger, the full operation of the Locarno agreement for any such reason as this seems hardly credible.

Search, therefore, has been made for other reasons that could account for Brazil's action.

To some observers this has been found in the recent attitude of Italy toward Germany. Mussolini has recently spoken very plainly about the danger with which Germany's ambition still threatens Europe and has protested very vigorously against what he says is the misrepresentation of the Italian treatment of Teutonic elements in Italy's newly acquired northern territory. It is therefore surmised that Brazil acted on the instance of Italy.

On the other hand, an entirely contrary reason has been ascribed for Brazil's action. It is said that Brazil

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was really acting in the interest of Germany, not for the purpose of keeping Germany out of a permanent seat in the Council, but for the purpose of insuring the exclusion of Poland.

Another reason has been suggested, and that is that the Powers, after considering what had happened at Locarno, were by no means agreed that the time had come for such a rearrangement of matters in Europe as would have to be considered and probably acted upon soon after Germany's admission to the League as an equal. Therefore it is believed by some that Brazil's action was not wholly unwelcome to the Great Powers.

Political Dramatics in Paris

POLITICS in France make up in melodrama what they seem to lack in logic. Where else could a tottering government, facing a financial crisis, save itself by defending a Minister exiled during the war on conviction of negligence amounting to treason? That was the spectacle staged on March 18 in the Chamber of Deputies.

The issue was the inclusion in Briand's reorganized Cabinet of Louis Malvy as Minister of the Interior. Malvy's name, it will be recalled, was associated with Caillaux's in allegations of negotiating with Austrian and German agents regarding peace terms. His return to the post which he held from 1914 to 1917, in the Cabinets of Viviani, Briand, and Ribot, rearoused extreme Nationalist sentiment.

Clemenceau first made charges against Malvy, in June, 1917, of negligent administration encouraging defection at the front. Malvy resigned on August 31, and the whole Ribot Cabinet followed. Léon Daudet, the Royalist leader, then accused him of communicating the plan of attack on the Chemin des Dames to the enemy in the spring of 1917, and of being responsible for the mutinies which followed. When Malvy appeared before the Senate as a High Court in July, 1918, this definite charge of treason was dismissed. But he was convicted, on evidence of slackness, tolerance of defeatist and revolutionary propaganda, and disorganization of the intelligence services, of having "failed in, violated, and betrayed the duty of his task." He was sentenced to five years in exile. The case against him never was accepted as valid by French radicals; and when he returned to France in 1924 he was welcomed at a Radical Socialist congress.

Nationalists in the Chamber launched a bitter attack against Premier Briand on his return from Geneva for reappointing Malvy in his new Cabinet. Malvy, pale and trembling, pleaded with his accusers. Briand made an impassioned defense. The Opposition howled. Malvy fainted and was carried from the Chamber. And Briand won a vote of confidence by 341 to 165, with the support of the Radicals and Socialists.

French politics may not appear practical to Americans, but no one can deny that they are picturesque.

Police Aid to Communists

EARLY in March the police of Passaic, New Jersey, used their clubs on the parading textile strikers and the visiting newspaper men and women. This move was calculated to discourage mass picketing by the strikers and to suppress the news pictures in the daily papers. How it brought Nation-wide publicity, popular sympathy, and financial support to the strikers was told by Ernest W. Mandeville in The Outlook of March 17.

The financial and moral support gained by the strikers and their radical leaders through the publicity freely supplied by the Passaic police made the thousands of immigrant textile workers cocky with confidence. Their case was taken up on the front pages. They were noticed by Washington. Their numbers almost doubled. Their demands—at first seemingly reasonable—became impossible of acceptance by the mill-owners in the present state of the textile industry. Hot-headed strikers—formerly pretty well cowed by the majesty of the officers of law and order—now let themselves go. Even the Passaic Commissioner of Public Safety seemed to agree that much harm had been done by the unwise actions of the police. Every one thought they had learned their lesson, for they allowed the strikers to parade freely and the story had almost dropped out of the news.

Then on March 18 the whole unfortunate process was repeated. Police clubs fell upon strikers and newspaper cameras once more. Front-page publicity. More sympathy roused. More rebellion awakened. On March 19 the police clubs were idle and all was at peace again.

Let us hope that, after these two costly demonstrations of the wrong course, the police will come to their senses. Otherwise there is no telling what damage may come from their fanning of the revolutionary flame in New Jersey.

Losing Unskilled Labor

THE National Industrial Conference Board reports that between July 1, 1925, and January 31, 1926, 15,378 unskilled laborers entered the country from abroad and 24,175 departed, leaving a net loss of 8,797. The shifting was, in a good part, Italian. Unskilled labor in the United States is no longer poorly paid. Indeed, the man with the pick is better off by far than most factory workers, particularly those employed in the textile industries. For once the Scriptural injunction that the laborer is worthy of his hire seems to be recognized in practice. The emigration does not mean lack of employment, so much as a return to native lands with pockets full of American dollars, which, split into lire, now go a long way.

Criss-Cross Party Policies

POLITICALLY speaking, this is surely the queerest Congress that the United States has ever seen. Not only do hard and fast and utterly regular Republicans desert the Administration upon occasion, but regular and irredeemable Democrats support the Administration upon like occasion, and that not merely as individuals but as organizations.

The very extraordinary spectacle was presented in the Senate the other day of the solid Republican membership of the Banking Committee repudiating the position of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and the solid Democratic membership's supporting him. As the Republicans constituted a majority of the Committee, Mr. Mellon was overridden.

The matter involved goes back to the Pittman Silver Coinage Act of war days, when, to avert a financial crash in India, Congress voted to send great quantities of silver to that country from the vaults of the United States Treasury. Three hundred and fifty million silver dollars went from the Treasury to the ancient Empire. The law contained a provision that silver later be coined to replace them.

The contention of Secretary Mellon is that to comply with the provisions of the law as the Senate Banking Committee construes them would cost the Government $5,000,000, and that, anyhow, the spirit of the law already has been com-

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Search, seek, find out

(The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Scene 3)

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

A mighty weak crutch to lean on

From Mrs. Lela Morgan, Union City, Tenn.

Byck in the New York Commercial

He can't keep away from it long

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

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Another housing problem

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

Ireland in the Columbus Evening Dispatch

Too convenient

From P. G. S. Brown, Covington, Ohio

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plied with. Perhaps the agreement of the Democratic members of the Committee with this view was due to the fact that their leader was Senator Glass, who preceded Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury. The Republicans had among their number no Senator equally familiar with the business of the Treasury.

Little Unfinished Business

THE lower house of Congress has the business of the session so well in hand that it could close up all essentials and adjourn within ten days. That is the statement of Majority Leader Tilson.

There is, in fact, comparatively little left on the House calendar in the way of bills for which there is any hope of success. Adjournment, so far as the House is concerned, might very well come by May 1 or earlier. In the Senate the situation is not so clear. That body has not been so efficient as the House. Its ninety-six members have done more talking than have five times as many men in the House and, as a more or less direct consequence, the Senate has not transacted as much essential business. This notwithstanding adjournment is likely to come not later than May 15—adjournment, that is, of the legislative session. The Senate will probably sit for some little time after adjournment as a court of impeachment in the case of Federal Judge George W. English, of the district of Eastern Illinois.

The work that is to be done in the House is completion of the two remaining appropriation bills, disposition of the impeachment resolution against Judge English, disposition of the bill placing prohibition enforcement employees under Civil Service and of the bills for strengthening the Volstead Law, disposition of the Bingham-Parker Bill for encouragement of commercial aviation and the Naval Air Service Bill, and execution of a lease of the Muscle Shoals properties if the recently appointed joint committee reports a satisfactory offer. Other bills may be passed as the result of fortunate circumstances, but practically nothing else is included in the program of the leaders.

Disagreement and Dilemma

MEANWHILE there will be no lack of excitement for members of Congress themselves, though the performances probably will not greatly excite the country. The row between the wets and the drys continues with unabated zeal on the part of those who are engaged in it, but it has not yet impressed Congress, to say nothing of the country, to the extent of establishing itself as likely to result in anything but talk.

Farm relief legislation will be under discussion, apparently, until the last minute of the session, with nothing effective done about it. Farmers' organizations are not yet agreed as to what kind of law they want for the disposition of surpluses. They probably would not get it even if they could decide, but they are practically certain not to get anything until they do decide. Here, however, will be the most lively action of the remaining days of the session.

The Senate, particularly the Republican majority so called, is by no means happy over the Brookhart-Steck contest. A sub-committee of the Committee on Privileges and Elections has voted to unseat Brookhart and to seat Steck, and the prospect of doing so, while not itself displeasing to the regular Republicans, entails consequences that may be more embarrassing than the presence of Brookhart has been. Cummins, the senior Iowa Senator and a Republican stalwart, comes up for election this fall. If Brookhart is unseated, he will oppose Cummins with a fair chance of defeating him because of the agricultural unrest. If Brookhart is seated, Cummins will probably be returned. The Republicans would lose nothing by having Steck in place of Brookhart, but, from the political standpoint, they are not pleased with the possibility of having both Steck and Brookhart. This consideration may not affect the vote, but it is affecting the dispositions of some Senators.

Newspaper Capitalization

WHILE the Curtis Publishing Company has treated itself to a capitalization of $70,000,000, based upon the earning power of the "Ladies' Home Journal" and the "Saturday Evening Post," no American newspaper has yet ventured to test the public as investors in its shares. In a recent issue the London "Nation and the Athanæum" invites attention to the rather parlous state of journalistic capitalization in Britain. What were formerly called the Northcliffe properties now go under the name of his brother, Lord Rothermere, who has succeeded to their rule, and who, it appears, controls without owning, in this fashion:

The "Daily Mirror" controls the "Sunday Pictorial," and between them the "Mirror" and "Pictorial" control the "Daily Mail" Trust. The "Daily Mail" Trust owns 53½ per cent of the deferred stock of the Associated Newspapers Limited. These in turn own the "Daily Mail," "Evening News," "Weekly Dispatch," "Overseas Daily Mail," the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company (paper mills), and some minor items. The "Daily Mirror" and "Sunday Pictorial" also hold the "Daily Sketch," "Sunday Mirror," and Empire paper mills, on the side, so to speak. Rothermere controls the whole of the various outfits above noted by owning more than half of the seven hundred thousand one-pound shares in the "Daily Mirror." Thus he has power over a share and mortgage capital of £7,355,-437, with a Stock Exchange value at present-day quotations, based on dividends, of twenty-four million pounds. The "Mirror" is credited with distributing thirty per cent, the "Sunday Pictorial" twenty-five per cent, the Associated Newspapers forty per cent.

Two other groups exist, the Berry, or Allied Newspapers, Limited, and the Beaverbrook. The Allied Newspapers are credited with being over-capitalized at £6,750,000, though making a book profit in 1925 of £830,202. Rothermere owns forty-nine per cent of the Beaverbrook properties, which include the "Daily Express" and "Evening Standard." The two represent an investment of a little more than half a million pounds, and so are puny compared with the others. Their balance-sheet, despite this low figure, is described as looking "distinctly weak." The "Nation and the Athenæum" appears to think Beaverbrook will be in the best shape of all "when the bad days come."

Measuring the Market-Basket

THE Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, which has succeeded in establishing relationships that amount to a partnership with its employees, has developed a new method of wage adjustment. It is going to measure the market-basket.

Twelve baskets have been prepared, and the articles contained in each, as well as the 184 articles making up the standards provided by the Government index, will be priced from time to time in the stores and markets used by the P. R. T. housewives. If at the close of the year there is a price variation of five

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per cent, the basic wage will be changed accordingly. If within the year there is a variation for a period of three months of ten per cent or more, the wage will be changed to meet it. The market-basket checks will be made separately by ten employee members of the General Committee and the president and vice-president of the co-operative association, also employees. The check of the articles which make up the index will be made by a special bureau working under the direction of the fifty-fifty employee-employer general committees.

The baskets contain, both in the standard measure and in the handy "market-basket" measure, a sufficient number of things in general use to reflect accurately the changes in the purchasing power of the employee's dollar.

Dr. A. D. F. Hamlin

ARCHITECTURE is a living art in America. It owes its vitality largely to the fact that while it has had free air to grow in its roots have been well nourished in the soil of the past. For over forty years Alfred Dwight Foster Hamlin was a teacher of architecture at Columbia University, and for more than twenty years was Professor of the History of Architecture there. His death as a result of being thrown down by an automobile while he was crossing on foot a New York street means a loss to the art of a fine and lofty influence except as that influence will live in his pupils and in his books.

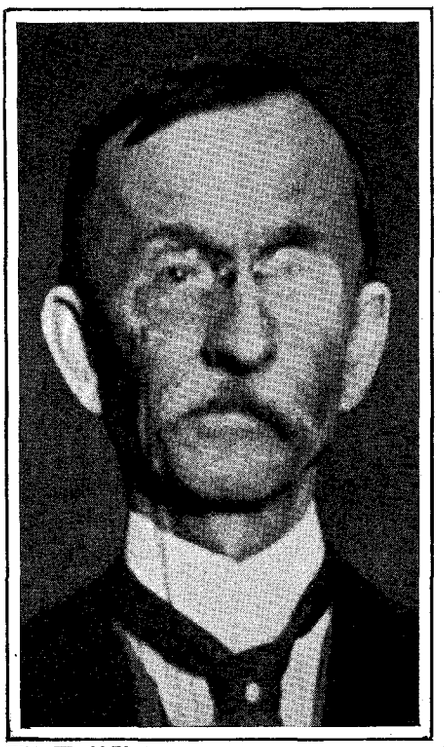
Son of the founder and President of Robert College, Constantinople, where he was born, Dr. Hamlin was well acquainted with the problems of Turkey and Turkey's neighbors. He was a friend of the Turkish people as well as of other peoples in the Near East; but he strongly opposed the ratification of the Lausanne Treaty unless it was radically changed. His opinion on that matter had great weight with all who knew him.

A graduate of Amherst of the class of 1875, he was the recipient of many honors both here and abroad. He was in his seventy-first year.

A Survey of Schools

CHARLES KEEN TAYLOR, who through his articles has become well known to Outlook readers, is about to make a survey of schools in this country and in England. His object will be to discover, record, and recount interesting and significant experiments and achievements of the sort that will contribute to more orderly, human, and flexible methods in the training of boys and girls on their way through school to college.

Many preparatory schools and colleges have been considering the obvious faults of the prevailing college preparatory system. One indication of present dissatisfaction with it has been the series of attacks on the college entrance examinations, which have confined the preparatory schools to a very rigid mental regimen. At the same time with this rigidity there has been chaos and uncertainty in the aims and theories of teachers. As a



Wide World Photos

Alfred Dwight Foster Hamlin

consequence some of the more enterprising schools have been carrying on experiments. Some of these have been of little value except to show what should not be done; but others have been cautious as well as free. Like the sagacious parrot, which Foch has cited as the symbol of the wise general, the most successful experimentalists do not let go with one claw until they have had a firm hold with the other. One object of these schools has been to rid the curriculum of dead matter that there may be room for training in the appreciation, and to some extent the practice, of the plastic arts, of drama, and of music, as well as the enjoyment of literature. In particular, the aim of these ventures has been to adapt education to the individual as well as to try to adapt the individual to education.

In observing these schools Mr. Taylor will be free from any other obligation than that of seeking the best and observing with discrimination. We hope to print some account of his observations when he has completed them.

Polo Off the Walls

LAST and fastest growing of the indoor sports of the waning winter season is indoor polo. Just now the National Guard, riding club, and athletic club sportsmen are smiting a soft ball about the size of a small cantaloup around three of the armories in New York and Brooklyn, in the effort to produce championship teams in four classes and to build up an American international trio to meet the English invaders headed northward from the fields of Florida. This game, a milder form of the outdoor affair, rejoicing none the less in its own excellent technique and a builder of good horsemen, has grown rapidly among the clubs and the colleges. Since the arena is restricted, strokes that are only "feeders" in the outdoor game and shots that ordinarily would be out of bounds become scorers. Team-play is quite as highly developed as it is out of doors, and, while the ball is larger and more easily stroked, it does not travel for any considerable distance, with the result that there is every opportunity for deft stick work in the resulting mêlées.

The peak of the game was reached this year with an entry list of forty-seven teams of three men. These come from wherever there is a cavalry organization in the Guard or a cavalry school. West Point, as a matter of course, is usually represented by a strong team, either of officers or cadets, and Squadron A, to use its ancient and beloved title rather than the Fifty-first Machine Gun Company, the title of army record, is literally a nursery of the game. The indoor game has brought at least one form of polo within reach of ardent horsemen who could not otherwise indulge in it. The Guard organizations and the clubs pool their mounts to a large extent. Of course, private mounts will be seen in action, but most of the ponies—and in this case they are ponies rather than race-horses, chosen for handiness rather than speed—are for the use of all the players indiscriminately, so far as individual organizations go.

For a long time the outdoor players were apt to turn up their noses at the "poor man's game," but leaders in the broader field found it useful in improving

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their stick work, and also as a tryout for new mounts. So they have lent their hearty support to what might be termed "squash polo" or "polo off the walls." The footing, of course, is usually tanbark, but in the Squadron armory a special field of a mixture of clay and sand has been laid, and on this surface it is possible to get up considerable speed.

Indoor polo is one of the real sporting outlets for crowded city life in the winter, and in the case of the cavalry organizations it has been found to be an excellent aid to recruiting. It is possible for a player to make a real reputation for himself in the indoor game.

Motorists' Eyesight

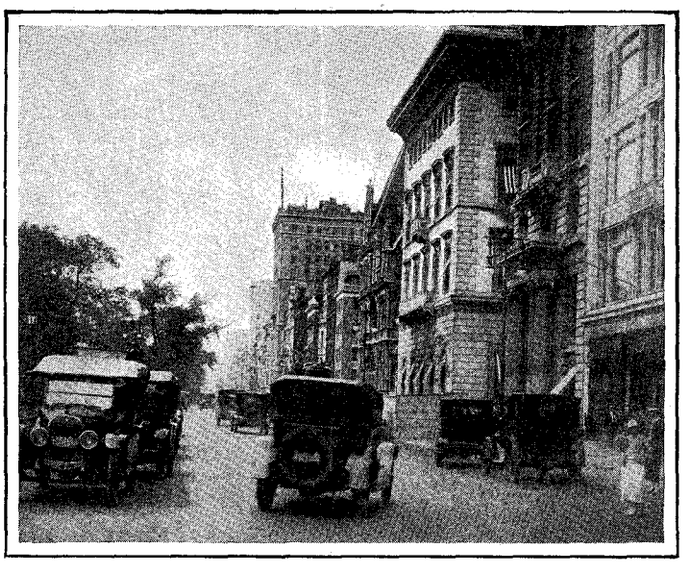
IN this country there is an average of one fatality for every one thousand automobiles and one injury for every forty automobiles. It is estimated that fully eighty-five per cent of these accidents are preventable. No one will question the fact that good eyesight is a prime requisite to safe driving and that, undoubtedly, a large percentage of this annual toll of life and limb is caused by defective vision.

The Eye Sight Conservation Council of America tells us that six out of every ten of us have reduced visual perception, which, of course, includes drivers of automobiles. The unfortunate part is that many persons with poor vision are entirely unaware of their defect. Because they have always seen objects in a blur or distorted, they believe that is how they should be seen.

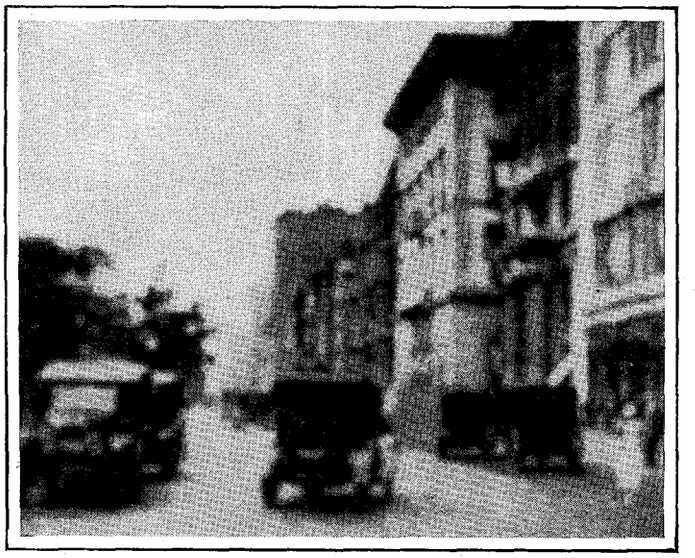
Obviously, the remedy is some sort of test to be given to applicants for drivers' licenses. This might even be so simple a matter as the reading of automobile licenses or street signs at the time the trial for driving ability is given. Those persons, then, who fall below a certain standard are refused a permit until their eyesight has been brought up to the standard, or, if that proves impossible, the permit should be permanently refused. The American Medical Association has recently made very definite recommendations pertaining to minimum visual requirements.

With two or three exceptions our State officials have completely ignored their responsibility in this matter. A few, very few, local authorities are doing excellent work, and their results have shown that their efforts were quite worth while. A bus company which employs large numbers of drivers thinks it important enough to have semiannual tests for the eyes of their drivers. The result is that accidents are almost unheard of on their lines.

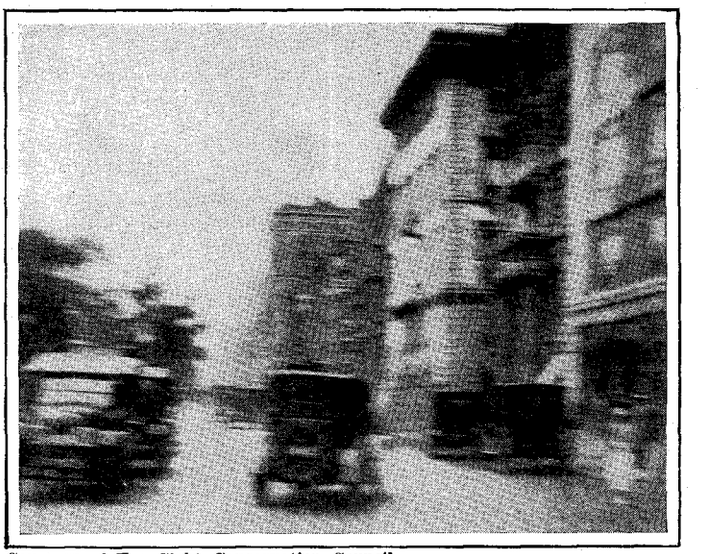
Surely, the menace to the public of a ton or two of steel being hurled about in our streets under the control of a driver with a marked degree of defective vision is a serious matter. It should not be difficult to persuade the public in general and State authorities in particular as to



This is how a section of upper Fifth Avenue, New York City, appears to a motorist with normal vision. He has the proper perspective, and is able to judge distance and determine speed almost instantaneously because he has good eyesight. He is likely to be a careful and safe driver



This is how the same scene appears to a motorist with a medium degree of nearsightedness. Note that everything is blurred and indistinct. Unless a driver with this affliction procures glasses to remedy this condition, he is potentially dangerous and a menace to the safety of others



To a motorist with a medium degree of astigmatism upper Fifth Avenue looks this way. People with astigmatism see objects distorted. This picture illustrates the tendency of such visual defect to pull the objects of perception toward the horizontal. Note how clear are the horizontal lines and how faint are the vertical. The vertical flagpole, for instance, on the building in the center cannot be seen at all

Courtesy of Eye Sight Conservation Council

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the advisability of testing the eyes of all persons at the time of their application for drivers' licenses.

America's Shameful Eminence in Crime

AMERICA has eight times as many murders as England has in proportion to its population. Robberies are thirty-six times as prevalent in New York City as in London and a hundred times as prevalent in Chicago as in London. These are a few of the facts pointed out by Lawrence Veiller in his comparative study of crime and punishment in England and America published in the March issue of "World's Work."

Mr. Veiller writes:

> The reason for the lesser amount of crime in England is, that in that country punishment for crime follows swiftly and surely. Punishment *is* a deterrent there. . . . The administration of the criminal law is expeditious. There are no delays. Trials last but a few hours, even in the most serious cases. The facts are fully presented. Justice is done. . . .
>
> In America the administration of the criminal law has departed from its original purpose of the ascertainment of the facts and the doing of justice, and has become involved in a maze of technicalities. . . . While there is much formality in the English courts—even greater formality than in the courts of the United States—there is little adherence to technicalities. The avenue of escape through technicalities, which affords so excellent an opportunity for escape to the criminal in America, has been closed in England.

Mr. Veiller found that the long delays between arrest and trial which are so common here do not take place in England. These delays allow witnesses to disappear, false defenses to be framed, testimony to be lost, and the public to forget the relation between the trial and the circumstances of the trial. In England "it is a rare instance where a trial is had more than three weeks after the offender is arrested." The incentive to delay has been taken away. The professional criminal is not allowed liberty on bail, but is kept in jail until his case is tried.

The reasons given for the swiftness of trial procedure in England are the quick acceptance of juries and the full control of the investigation by the trial judge. He "winnows out the chaff and enables them [the jurors] to see clearly what the evidence is."

Instead of a criminal having a chance for two or three appeals, as in this country, he is entitled to *one only*, and that appeal is final. Decisions of the lower courts are not reversed on technical grounds. The Court of Criminal Appeals "sits every other Monday and does not rise until all the pending appeals have been heard. In practically every case the decision is rendered from the bench."

Should the Bar be an Aid to the Criminal

ONE reason why England has no such free criminal class as the United States has is the attitude of the legal profession there. Mr. Veiller says:

> The condition which exists in America of a criminal bar devoting itself entirely to criminal practice, the members of which spend their entire time in seeking to get their clients off, does not prevail in England. There, the barristers who practice at the criminal bar practice also in civil cases. . . . The personnel of the criminal bar in England is of much higher caliber than it is in the United States.

It is our belief that one of the main causes for the crime wave in this country is the prevalence of criminal lawyers who act as advisers and protectors of experienced lawbreakers. Mr. Veiller found that members of the criminal bar in England spend as much of their time in *prosecuting* criminals as they do in defending them. As Mr. Veiller points out,

> This gives them a fair-minded and balanced outlook upon life and upon their professional responsibilities, not found as a rule among criminal practitioners in the United States. The criminal in England is thus deprived of his chief aid in escaping the consequences of his misdeeds—the criminal lawyer with low standards of professional ethics who avails himself of every technicality, every device, every trick in the game to set his client free.

In contrast to the ease with which a person may obtain a pistol in this country, "in England there are almost no pistols carried." Even the policemen seldom carry a gun.

Mr. Veiller continues:

> In this country crime and the criminal are glorified by the publicity they receive in the daily press. In England crime is still a disgrace. . . .
>
> In seeking an explanation for the differences that exist, allowance must necessarily be made for racial elements. In England we are dealing with a homogeneous people, who are essentially truthful and law-abiding, with "fair play" as the keynote of their character. In the United States we are dealing—especially in the larger cities—with a population that is not homogeneous, but is made up to a large extent of alien groups. . . . One must also weigh and take into consideration the different public attitude toward crime and criminals in the two countries, especially the public attitude toward punishment of crime. In England there is a general sentiment for a swift and stern enforcement of law, without respect to persons or wealth. Whereas in the United States there is, one regrets to say, a false sentimentality about punishment, and a desire—which seems to have been increasing rapidly in recent years—to stand between the offender and the consequences of his unlawful acts.

To effect a cure for our disproportionate amount of crime we must get at the roots of the trouble, as England did seventy-five years ago. As he will explain in a later article in "World's Work," Mr. Veiller rightly concludes that what England has done America can do. But, first of all, we must break the alliance between crime and politics—the alliance which not only makes possible the organization of criminals but protects them in their defiance of the public.

Less Inclined to Lynch

THE names of the forty-eight States are fairly well known to most persons, but none the less it is no easy matter to determine what State names are missing from a list in which most of them appear. The Commission on Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches, in its discussion of lynching during 1925, gives the names of the thirty-eight States in which there were no lynchings, but fails to name those in which there were lynchings. Considerable puzzling over the list reveals the fact that the omitted States—the lynching States—are Arkansas, Ohio, Virginia, Utah, Mississippi, Georgia, Missouri, Louisiana, and Florida. In these ten States there were seventeen lynchings. All of the victims were Negroes.

Though the press release sent out by the Commission indicates that the condition revealed is discouraging because of the recurrence of lynchings in States previously free of the crime, there are reasons for regarding the situation as improved.

Does it not indicate that the portion of the country which may be regarded

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as addicted to lynching has become comparatively small? Lynching is likely to occur in any State, under exceptional circumstances, at any time, so long as human nature remains as it is. Perhaps it will be readily conceded that the lynchings last year in Ohio and Utah were of that type. But Virginia, Alabama, and Arkansas had, previous to 1925, been free of lynchings for some time. Is it not as reasonable to suppose that the lynchings in those States last year were the result of sporadic outbreaks as to suppose that the one in Utah was?

It seems to The Outlook, at least, that the fixed tendency toward unlawful executions becomes more and more restricted. We may never be as a Nation entirely free of lynchings; but we are not far from eradication of the acceptance of lynching as a recognized form of punishment for crime.

Bullying China

NOBODY likes a threat. It may get quick results, if it has enough force back of it. But it only settles issues on the surface and leaves a rankling sense of injury and humiliation that may cause trouble later.

That is the policy which the foreign Powers have chosen in dealing with China in the midst of difficulties caused by civil war. In that policy the United States has joined, with questionable wisdom.

The trouble arose over the blocking of the port of Tientsin, which affords communication between Peking and the sea. The Protocol of 1901 between the Powers and China, concluded after the quelling of the anti-foreign Boxer Rebellion, obligated China to keep communication open and uninterrupted between Peking, Tientsin, and the sea, for the safety of the foreign communities. When civil warfare was resumed recently in North China, the so-called Kuominchun forces occupied the forts at Taku, at the mouth of the Pei River, giving entry to the port of Tientsin. These forces were supporters of the Peking Government. They mounted guns on the forts and planted mines in the river channel, closing the port to any ships not passed by them. The action was taken, the Kuominchun commanders declared, in order to prevent the landing of enemy troops allied with Marshal Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, engaged in a campaign against Peking. But it was an open violation of the Protocol of 1901.

The representatives of the Protocol Powers lodged a strong protest with the Peking Government on March 10, and also sent warnings to the commanders of both factions engaged in the fighting in the vicinity of Tientsin. They demanded that both sides cease from acts obstructing open communication to the sea, and reserved to themselves the right to act together for the maintenance of communications and the protection of foreign shipping.

The crisis grew more complicated on March 12, when the Chinese troops controlling the Taku forts fired on two Japanese destroyers, as reported in The Outlook of last week. Japan at once demanded an explanation and assurances that nothing of the sort would occur again. The Peking Government delayed any reply either to the joint diplomatic representations regarding the blocking of the river or to the Japanese protest.

The spokesmen of the Protocol Powers took new and more extreme action on March 15. They instructed their naval commanders to give both the Chinese military factions three days, beginning March 16, to remove all obstructions from the Taku channel. Meanwhile some twelve or fourteen naval vessels were concentrated at or near Tientsin, representing the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy. The United States despatched a further division of destroyers from Manila to China. Japan sent Rear-Admiral Nogana to Tientsin with free powers to act in any emergency.

At the last moment both Chinese factions acquiesced in the ultimatum. The Peking Foreign Office asked the foreign naval commanders at Tientsin to enter into agreement with the local military authorities for the maintenance of communications. It declared that the measures taken were purely defensive, and undertook to abandon them provided that the attacking forces retired and ended the menace to Tientsin. River traffic between Tientsin and Taku began to be resumed. Thus the immediate crisis was terminated. Japan at once followed up her first protest over the firing on her destroyers by demanding an apology, punishment of the soldiers directly responsible, and "remuneration" for the family of one officer who died of wounds and for other injured members of the crews.

It soon was made evident that the official action had not ended the affair. Crowds led by students began to demonstrate in Peking before the offices of the Government against its acquiescence to the ultimatum of the Powers. Chinese guards fired on them, killing some forty men and women and wounding many more.

The ultimatum has resulted in stirring up national sentiment in China against foreigners to a new high pitch. It has weakened the Peking Government, with which the United States and the other Powers are engaged in difficult negotiations regarding tariffs and the extra-territorial rights of foreigners in China. News from the fighting fronts has indicated that the Kuominchun forces are weakening and retiring from Tientsin toward Peking.

There was cause for a protest against the closing of communication with the sea. But it is to be regretted that the United States joined in a threat of force with a three-day time limit. Ultimatums are an unpleasant last resort. They do not accord well with the principles and precedents of American diplomacy. We have all of our varied interests in China —commercial and educational—to consider. The United States has wisely taken the lead in attempts to liberate China from foreign interference and control. The effect of the Taku threat will be to undermine Chinese confidence in American good will and to embarrass the future of American relations with China.

The President's Father

JOHN CALVIN COOLIDGE was one of the few Americans who have lived to see their sons in the White House. One man in our history not only became President himself, but lived to see his son President; but it has been given to only two men in recent years to see fulfilled an ambition which many a father has cherished. President Harding's father, like President Coolidge's, survived his son's election and inauguration.

How great satisfaction Colonel Coolidge found in his son's career will probably never be known. He came of a reticent race who hold their emotions well under control and are accustomed to think before they speak, and often without speaking. In his book on "The Preparation of Calvin Coolidge" the late

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P. & A. Photos

John Calvin Coolidge

Robert A. Woods has this to say of the President's father and grandfather:

Both forebears have been known throughout the State for sterling character and for a kind of leadership, counsel, and service which made people from all the regions roundabout look up to them. They were the hardy product of three hundred years' struggle with the New England climate and soil, representatives in a continuous succession of what has been called perhaps the best agricultural population that the world has ever seen. They were friends and associates of men of large affairs. Both of them were from time to time summoned, Cincinnatus-like, from the plow to serve the State; and the father was a member of the State Senate at the same time that his son was serving as Mayor. He has been town constable for forty years. As such, he often looked up legal points for the townspeople; and it was in this capacity that he was, in his farmhouse, to administer the oath of office to a President of the United States.

The influence of such a father upon his son the President would be as ready to acknowledge as he would be temperamentally disinclined to describe it with intimacy. It has been natural for the President to find rest and recuperation in his father's home. It is as certain that he was as proud of what his father was as his father was proud of what his son became. There is therefore more than sorrow that has come to the President; there is a sense of loss which can come only to those who are conscious of the strength of the stock from which they have sprung. The Nation while offering its sympathy to the President in his loss has reason also for sharing with the President pride in John Calvin Coolidge's character.

Some day, perhaps, a book will be written on the fathers of our Presidents. These men to whom the country owes so much ought to be better known.

A Great Day for Ireland

APRIL 1 should be a great day for Ireland. On that day, for the first time in history, North and South—"King's Irish" and "Pope's Irish"—will meet together in a regular Council to consider the common affairs of a common country. This Council, it is true, is of the most tentative character, and will at first deal only with such comparatively minor and uncontroversial matters as railway rates, fisheries, cattle questions, and so forth. But there is nothing like a beginning, and common action is a habit quickly formed.

The story of the great agreement is soon told. The so-called Partition Act of 1920, so hotly resented and so hotly rebelled against by the South and West, was not confirmed by the treaty of 1922, which finally established the two Governments in Ireland. The vexed question of boundaries was judiciously left to be determined at some indeterminate date in the future by an undetermined commission, and Ireland, this bone of contention still left, settled down to establish herself.

All went well until Mr. Baldwin's sudden appeal to the country on the protectionist issue led to the rule of Labor, headed by Ramsay Macdonald. When Mr. Macdonald came to review the legacies of the previous Government, he found this promise of a boundary commission still unfulfilled. Good Scotsman that he is, his whole soul rebelled against such loose methods. Here was a definite undertaking; as soon as may be, it should be definitely fulfilled. And so announcement was made that a commission would be appointed without delay, and the matter, as a test of Labor efficiency, rushed through to completion. It is hard to say whether the announcement caused more consternation in Dublin or in Belfast.

Mr. Cosgrave and Sir James Craig are both Irishmen; they both clearly recognized that delimitation of boundaries between the two divisions of Ireland on any agreed basis would be impossible; they recognized that as long as the matter was held in abeyance the relations between the North and South would be no better and no worse than they had been in the old days of comparative peace when Home Rule was an ideal, and not really practical politics. Ulster would have nothing to do with a Boundary Conference and bitterly resented it when a

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member to represent Ulster was appointed by the British Government.

The Commission carried on its work, for the most part, in secret, but ominous clouds forever seemed to hang over it, and still more ominous rumblings to attend it everywhere it went. Every now and again a door would fly open and the sound of much contention would be heard for a moment, until the door was hastily closed again. Meanwhile, on both sides of the line of contention the subject was discussed heatedly in the press and everywhere else. What exactly the Commission was agreed to report will probably never be known. As one writer has well put it, "The report will now be deposited in some secret place among the archives of the nation, to be disinterred at some remote date for the edification of historians of a distant generation."

Both sides seem to have realized, as they drew near to the point where views would have to be translated into facts, that any attempt to apply the new boundary provisions, to throw out a county here and draw in a county there, would be impossible, and that the existing boundary would be far better.

And so "the spirit of Locarno" prevailed, the boundary question was dropped altogether, and Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Cosgrave, and Sir James Craig made a compact of mutual advantage which was at once agreed to by the Governments concerned, and later on ratified, not only with amazing unanimity, but with still more amazing cordiality, by the people acting through their representatives.

And so out of defeat has once again come the secret of victory. The Free State has known how to evoke and Northern Ireland has known how to affirm an agreement the good results of which, if similar statesmanship prevails in the future, cannot be overestimated. April 1, 1926, will certainly go down in history as a great day for Ireland.

Easter

TO express any of the deepest experiences of life we naturally turn to symbols. For patriotism, the flag. For marriage, the ring. For sacrifice, the cross.

Special days are among the most carefully cherished of symbols. In the Christian year there are many such days, observed throughout the ages by those who have found the symbolism of words inadequate as expressions of their faith. Among these days the chief is Easter.

It is chief because it gives significance to all the other days. Without Easter there would have been no Christmas, no Good Friday. The early disciples were right in making of every Lord's Day, not a weekly Christmas, nor a weekly Good Friday, but a weekly Easter.

For Easter does not signify merely a faith in the survival of bodily death. Belief in the restoration of the dead to life was common before our era. That was not new with Christianity. What Easter signifies is more than that.

Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who struggled all his life with the mental fetters of an over-developed critical faculty as he struggled during the last seven years of his life with the fetters of ill health, wrote one day (September 1, 1874) in his "Journal" the three questions which man has been asking concerning the universe: "An indifferent nature? A Satanic principle of things? A good and just God? Three points of view. The second is improbable and horrible. The first appeals to our stoicism. . . . But the third point of view alone can give joy. Only is it tenable?"

Easter is the answer to these questions. It is the symbol of faith in the ultimate rightness of life. It is confidence in the reality and permanence of that which was embodied in Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. It is not a dogma to be recited, nor a mere feeling to be fostered and enjoyed. It is a kind of life. As a recent writer who employs the pen name of James Priceman has said: "Jesus would to-day be lying sealed within the tomb of oblivion if his first followers had sought to win credence by what they said, rather than by what they were."

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Seeing New York

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

LAST week I had something to say about the State of Georgia for the edification of such readers as I may have in the city of New York. Let me venture this week to say something about the city of New York for the edification of those Georgians who may honor me by occasionally glancing at this column. A welcome incident during a recent visit to Georgia spurs me to this endeavor. While traveling through that pleasant Southern State I met two agreeable young Georgian ladies who were about to visit New York for the first time. One of them was a college graduate and had traveled much in the Southern States and on the Pacific coast. But they both looked upon their first acquaintance with the social and economic capital of the United States as a notable adventure.

Now New York, in which I have lived and studied and worked for fifty years, generally suggests labor and responsibility to me. Sometimes it is even a symbol of drudgery. But when I began to talk about it to these young ladies, to describe its physical characteristics, to draw a rough map of it, to tell them how to get a first and correct impression of its physical characteristics and topography, and to speak of some of its outstanding features which they ought to see in their brief visit, it took on a new aspect, and I found that my own jaded interest was quickened. Of course, it is impossible in an article of this kind to give an adequate guide-book description of New York, but if I repeat what I told my two young Southern acquaintances it may perhaps be of interest to some persons who have never seen New York and yet who have it on their mental itinerary as the object of some future journey.

Next to London, New York is the largest city in the world. The area of Greater New York is three hundred square miles, of Greater London seven hundred; the population of Greater New York is six millions, of Greater London eight millions. But, although inferior in area and in numbers of population, New York surpasses London in two respects—youth and situation. London is nearly two thousand years old; New York is a mere child of three hundred. In 1626 Peter Minuit bought Manhattan Island, which is now the heart of the city, from the Indians with commodities which would be worth to-day about one hundred and twenty dollars. Compared with this bargain, the Louisiana and Alaskan Purchases pale into insignificance. In

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natural advantages and varied beauty the site of New York is incomparable; not even Edinburgh or Athens or Naples can beat it in this respect. It is served by one of the greatest harbors in the world. It is bounded on one side by one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, the Hudson, which is navigable for a hundred and fifty miles into the interior. At one extremity, Coney Island, the great Atlantic billows break at its very edge. At the other, Fort Washington, the visitor may stand on an eminence and get a view up the Hudson of the Palisades which gives him the feelings of one in a wild mountainous district.

The city is made up of five political and geographical divisions—the Boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn, and Richmond. The Borough of Manhattan, which occupies the island bought by Peter Minuit from the Indians and was the site of the original city before consolidation, is bounded on the south by the bay, on the west by the Hudson River, on the north by the Harlem River, and on the east by the East River, the last two being tidal estuaries. The Bronx lies north of the Harlem River, Queens and Brooklyn are on Long Island, Richmond is on Staten Island at the mouth of the Harbor and can be reached only by ferry. But the Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn, and Manhattan are so interlaced by bridges, tunnels, subways, and elevated railways that even old New Yorkers scarcely realize the insular character of the city.

When making a new acquaintance, the first and most important impressions are physical. Our preliminary judgment is profoundly affected by the face, the figure, the dress, the carriage, and all the other external features of the person to whom we are introduced. It is true that a beautiful spirit may sometimes dwell in an ugly and ill-clad body, but it takes a long time to make the discovery. It is also doubtless true that, be it ever so humble or unprepossessing, there is no place like home. But New York is not home to the visitor who is entering it for the first time. I therefore took pains to advise my Georgian acquaintances to see the externals of New York at their best before they undertook to investigate its social or intellectual or artistic life. The interest they showed in my suggestions leads me to wonder whether there may not be other prospective visitors to New York who would find a simple plan of sightseeing useful. Perhaps there may even be some old and *blasé* New Yorkers who will be entertained by examining such a plan and discovering its inadequacy. At all events, although I am far from being a Baedeker, I will venture to jot down here a sight-seeing program of this kind. Those who are familiar with the city either through birth or experience are at liberty to amuse themselves by tearing it to pieces and making a better one. The scheme is based on the assumption that the visitor has a week of fine weather for sightseeing. I do not take upon myself any responsibility for the vagaries of the Weather Bureau.

Monday: Go to Washington Square, preferably by subway, so that as little as possible may be seen before the Washington Arch bursts upon the view. At the Arch take a Fifth Avenue bus and, seated on the open top, drive to the Public Library at Forty-second Street. An hour's visit will give at least a superficial impression of the valuable collections of art and literature which this fine building contains. At the Library take another Fifth Avenue bus marked Riverside Drive and, again seated on top, go to Grant's Tomb. Taking its length—five or six miles—into consideration, I know of no municipal drive in the world that equals this for architectural interest and scenic beauty. From Grant's Tomb taxi to the Hispanic Museum in 156th Street. The afternoon may be devoted to shopping on Fifth and Madison Avenues and in some of the side-streets in the immediate vicinity of these two thoroughfares. The Rue de la Paix is not more entertaining to the eye or more tempting to the purse than this shopping district.

Tuesday: New York contains three major institutions of higher education—Columbia, the City College, and New York University. A day or part of a day should be devoted to them. At Columbia visit the spacious Library; at the City College, the noble Assembly Hall with its beautiful mural painting by Blashfield; at New York University, the famous Hall of Fame with its collection of busts of great Americans. The visitor will go to bed this night with the conviction that there is something in New York besides moving pictures, musical comedies, and cabarets.

Wednesday: The whole day, and that is by no means too much, must be given up to the Natural History Museum and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Here the visitor will feel that he is not merely seeing New York, but is getting vivid glimpses of the plains and mountains of the Far West, the pampas and forests of South America, the jungles of Africa, the valley of the Nile, and the splendors of European and Oriental art.

Thursday: Roosevelt House, the birthplace of the only President that New York has contributed to the Nation, with its remarkable collection of political personal memorabilia; the City Hall, with its historic portraits; the top of the Woolworth building, with its bird's-eye view of the city; and Wall Street and the Stock Exchange, seething with the financial, commercial, and industrial life of modern America.

Friday: Walk across the Brooklyn Bridge—be sure to walk—with its striking vistas of the water-borne commerce and the towering sky-scrapers of one of the greatest commercial ports in the world. Arriving in Brooklyn, take a trolley or subway to the Brooklyn Museum and the affiliated Children's Museum. Lunch. Taxi through Prospect Park, more beautiful than the Bois de Boulogne (which you would certainly see if you were in Paris), and down the Ocean Parkway to Coney Island, returning by subway.

Saturday: In the morning drive by auto through Bronx River Parkway to White Plains and back to the city via Rye, the Boston Post Road, and Pelham Bay Park. The park system of New York is not one of the least of its glories. In the afternoon visit the Aquarium, at the Battery, and about sunset go to Staten Island and back by the Municipal Ferry. On the return trip you will get the same view of the sky-line of New York which so impresses foreign visitors as they approach the city on the great transatlantic liners. If the sunset afterglow is of the right kind, you will see those effects of light and shade on the sky-scrapers that make impressionist painters tremble with excitement.

Sunday: I shall not attempt to discriminate between the preachers of New York—there are so many good ones and of so many denominations. But you will at least want to see and hear a service at one of the following churches, for historic if not for religious reasons: old Trinity, or the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, or St. Patrick's Cathedral, or (for its unique music) the Russian Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, on East 97th Street. It would be easier to catalogue the theaters of New York than its houses of worship, for there are in the five boroughs over a thousand churches. Thus the visitor who wished to see them all and was willing to go to two every Sunday would have to spend about ten years in his task.

No one can be more ready than I am to say that this program is superficial. But then the casual visitor to New York must be contented with a mere surface examination. The area is vast, but the

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depth is greater than the area. The difficulty of plumbing this depth was expressed by Ralph Waldo Emerson more than eighty years ago. In 1842, when he was thirty-eight years of age, he made a visit to New York, and when he returned to his quiet home in Concord he wrote in his Journal the following lines: "In New York lately; as in cities generally, one seems to lose all substance, and become surface in a world of surfaces. Everything is external, and I remember my hat and coat and all my other surfaces and nothing else."

But if the visitor remembers some of the surfaces skimmed over in the foregoing program he will, I believe, carry away the impression that urban man is something more than a money-grubbing, mechanical automaton following the blind instincts of an animal existence.

Uncle Sam's Spending Money

Staff Correspondence from Washington by DIXON MERRITT

THERE is a man who knows the story of the Treasury. I simply had failed to find him when I wrote, a few weeks ago in The Outlook,[1] the statement that there is no such man. I had not found him, either, when I wrote the article on how money comes into the Treasury.[2] Still, "past is past; lost is lost forever," and this applies somewhat more completely to opportunity than to anything else. Possibly I can make up on the go-out what was lacking on the come-in.

He is the man who writes every year —in figures, mainly—a big book with the title "Combined Statement of the Receipts and Disbursements, Balances, etc., of the United States for the Fiscal Year Ended June 30," ——. That book is an absorbingly interesting thing—more interesting in many particulars than a detective story. And it is perhaps the oldest continuous publication in the United States. The first volume covers the fiscal year 1791. I was shown a copy of it, printed in the old-fashioned type, every s like an f. That does not appear to matter much in books of literature, but it puts a strain on the imagination to try to read—and pronounce—in that old type, "affiftant fecretary."

But this is not to be a story of queer books, old or new. It is a story of how Uncle Sam pays his bills.

PLEASE remember, from the article entitled "Uncle Sam's Income," that all money paid to the United States Government—all, with some slight exceptions which are for this purpose ignored —stands to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States. And from those moneys the Treasurer of the United States pays all of Uncle Sam's bills. But the process is not exactly as simple as it sounds. Our uncle of the caprine whiskers has so many nephews and nieces who try to make him the goat in fact that his great income would go quicker than hell could scorch a feather if he had only one man, even the best man in the world, guarding it.

There are, of course, some reasons for believing that the more guardians there are, the worse an estate fares, and the principle has not been wholly unrecognized by the Government. Jefferson threatened once to tie up the entire United States Navy in the eastern branch of the Potomac above Washington, "where," he said, "it will take only one set of thieves to guard it." Still, Uncle Sam is, no doubt, better off by having many knots in his purse string. If the money goes just as fast as it would without them, it at least goes with due formality and ceremony.

Know, then, that, while Uncle Sam usually spends all that he takes in, he cannot spend anything until Congress tells him he can. Every bill that is paid must be met from an appropriation made by Congress for that particular purpose. Without the consent of Congress, Uncle Sam cannot pay for, though he may order, a pen point or a rubber band.

Congress makes an appropriation for, let us say, Federal meat inspection. The money is to be spent mainly in paying salaries of inspectors in the slaughter-houses and packing plants of the United States. It is to be spent under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture through the Bureau of Animal Industry. How does the money thus appropriated actually reach the pockets of those white-robed inspectors?

After the bill is passed and signed, the proper officials of the Treasury make out an appropriation warrant by which the entire amount of that appropriation is placed to the credit of this particular account. No actual money is involved—nothing is set aside in coin or currency. The money in the Treasury is an ocean, not separate ponds. The setting aside of the money consists in a book entry in the Division of Bookkeeping and Warrants.

But the money is not available for the payment of salaries of meat inspectors when this is done. It is simply available to the Department of Agriculture, to be made available for the specific purpose for which it was appropriated.

The first step toward making the money available for the specific purpose for which it was appropriated must be taken, in this illustrative case, by the Secretary of Agriculture, who, after consultation with officials of the Bureau of Animal Industry as to the sum needed for immediate purposes, would make requisition on the Treasury for the sum desired.

Say the appropriation is $4,000,000—the amount available in 1925 was something like that. Secretary Jardine would probably make requisition for the setting aside of $1,000,000, to be used during the first quarter of the fiscal year. There are at least two reasons for making requisitions on a quarterly rather than an annual basis. In the first place, it is not desirable to make the whole sum available at once, because those having the actual expending power might use all of it early in the year and have nothing left for the latter months. In the second place, money is constantly filtering back into the account from unexpended balances and the like.

With the money thus set aside on requisition, the expenditure of it is in the hands of the accredited disbursing officer of the Department. The money, in this case, stands to the credit of A. Zapponi. But for the payment of salaries outside of the District of Columbia he ordinarily handles no actual money. He pays by checks on the Treasury, which are mailed direct to employees in the field.

An inspector in the Chicago stockyards receives his check, takes it to his bank, and cashes it. That bank starts it, in the regular course of banking business, to the Federal Reserve Bank for that district, and from the Reserve Bank it comes to the Treasury in Washington, where it is charged against the balance of A. Zapponi, and adjustment as to the actual money is made in the regular course of settlements between the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Bank.

Or the check may have been made out

[1] The Outlook for January 27.
[2] The Outlook for March 3.

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in the office of a subordinate disbursing officer in Chicago. Just the same, it is a check on the Treasury of the United States and is handled in the same way.

THERE are somewhat more than three thousand accredited disbursing officers in the service of the United States Government, each one having a balance to his credit in the Treasury, each authorized to draw checks on the Treasury, each bonded and accountable for the proper disposition of funds. They are scattered, not merely all over the United States, but all over the world, wherever the Army, the Navy, the foreign service of the State Department, and other branches of the Government reach. Some of them, remotely situated, make payments in actual money; but the bulk of the business is done by Treasury check.

Inside the District of Columbia, however, the cash method of payment is almost universally used. The Veterans' Bureau is the only sizable organization that pays employees' salaries by check. In all of the others payment is made mainly on what is called the pay-roll basis.

The disbursing officer makes out his pay-roll for a semi-monthly payment of salaries. He draws a check on the Treasury for the total. Either he or his messenger takes the check to the Treasury, presents it at the teller's window, takes the money in actual bills and currency, and goes to his own office with it. The Treasury charges the amount against that disbursing officer's available balance. That, for the Treasury, ends the transaction at one stroke—no filtering back of checks from numerous banks, no tedious bookkeeping. The disbursing officer puts the money in neat little brown envelopes. Each employee signs the pay-roll, receipting for the money, is given his envelope, and the business is done. The disbursing officer, and not the Treasury, is responsible for the money once it is placed in his hands. If he pays any of it out improperly, he may have to replace it. His account goes at the end of the month to the Comptroller-General of the United States[3] for careful checking, and any items disallowed must be refunded. The disbursing officer may get it back from the person to whom he paid it—or he may not.

THUS does Uncle Sam pay his hired men and women. But he has many creditors other than his employees. He has borrowed money from millions of citizens. His notes are Government bonds on which he has to pay interest twice a year.

Some of these notes are coupon bonds, others are not. The owner of a coupon bond clips his interest coupon, presents it to his bank, and gets the money. The bank sends it, in the regular course of banking business, to the Federal Reserve Bank of the district. From there it comes to the Treasury and adjustment is made on the books with the Federal Reserve Bank through which it came.

The owner of a registered bond does not have to bother about clipping and

Underwood

J. R. McCarl, Comptroller-General of the United States

cashing a coupon. His name and address are on file in the Treasury. When interest is due, a Treasury check is made out and mailed to him. He cashes it at his bank, which sends it, through the Federal Reserve Bank, to the Treasury.

The payment of interest seems as simple as the payment of salaries, but it is not. From the bookeeping standpoint, salaries are on a definite and the public debt on an indefinite basis. Any appropriation made for salaries is dead at the end of three years, and any money remaining is turned back into the surplus fund. Indeed, obligations to be met out of it must be made during the particular fiscal year, but the account is held open through two additional years in order to take care of any obligations that may be outstanding. An employee is fairly certain to cash his check within three years. In fact, he is practically certain to cash it within three days, as the Treasury wishes him to do. But the bond owner is another man—or woman.

Owners of Government bonds not infrequently permit their coupons to accumulate for years before any of them are presented for payment. The Treasury, therefore, cannot know even approximately what demands will be made within any year on public debt funds.

There are other "no year" accounts, but a consistent effort has been made during the past several years to reduce them to the minimum of necessity. The old pork barrel appropriation bill, by which a definite sum of money was appropriated for a particular building or a particular improvement to an individual river or harbor or the like, is hardly more than a memory. Lump-sum appropriations are made for particular classes of work, and money is made available for a particular project on requisition. Some "no year" business is still necessary, but the practice tends more and more toward making the appropriation available for a year, covering the unexpended balance back into the surplus fund, and making a new appropriation if the work remains unfinished.

UNCLE SAM has many bills not as easily settled as the classes mentioned. Some of them are disputed claims. Some are claims requiring adjustment. Some are claims for payment of which a disbursing officer does not care to assume responsibility. These are adjusted and settled in the General Accounting Office. That Office notifies the Treasury that it has settled a particular claim on a particular basis. If the settlement is approved, a settlement warrant is drawn which authorizes the Treasurer to make out a check to the creditor. In the paradoxical language of the Government, this is called a direct settlement.

There are other bills which Uncle Sam must pay in various other ways, but they are exceptional. The Post Office Department, for instance, is on a different basis from all other Government agencies. It applies postal receipts to postal expenses. Only the deficit is paid out of the Treasury.

Pensions, constituting one of the large items of Uncle Sam's expense, are handled by the Department of the Interior, but are actually paid by Treasurer's checks exactly like those drawn by other disbursing officers of the Government.

This and the preceding article have pretended to tell how Uncle Sam gets his money and how he spends it. In fact, they have been discussions of resources, not of actual money at all. The money story is still another story, involving the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the Mint, the Federal Reserve, and National banks and various other things.

[3] The head of the General Accounting Office, which is independent of the Treasury Department and all other departments.

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Rest Havens for the Weary Ones

By DON C. SEITZ

An enterprising town points the way to a means of providing for the American leisure class

FREQUENT complaint is made on behalf of retired business and professional men in the United States that they are compelled to migrate to foreign parts in order to obtain the society of others in their class. If they attempt leisure at home, they perish from *ennui*, and, becoming disregarded back numbers, die at the first touch of influenza. Their sad state excites considerable commiseration, and many complaining essays have been written on the subject.

There exists in America a much larger class of the unoccupied for whom, as a rule, no one has sympathy. Indeed, they are all too often spoken of contemptuously as "village loafers." They abound in every small town and constitute the reflective and more interesting part of the population. In days of less progress and slower speed most towns afforded comfortable loafing places in the cobbler's shop or the general store. But modern conditions have made these inhibitive. The chain store, which dominates trade in so many villages, affords not so much as a barrel to sit on. The cobbler is non-extant, having given way to a "chain" repair station, run by a syndicate making shoe machinery. In some cases the public garage offers a poor sort of substitute for the old havens, but here the serenity of loafing is liable to be disturbed by requests to help shift a tire or jack up a car.

The hotel office once afforded considerable refuge, but this has been so smartened up to receive auto tourists as to be uncomfortable. Folks from the cities are always coming in, who regard the loungers as quaint, and comment so audibly as to cause embarrassment. These things are catalogued to emphasize the development of a remedy in the enterprising town of Norway, Maine.

Here the progress of improvement had crowded the leisure class into the hotel office in winter and its piazza in summer. This did very well until the building of a cement road brought crowds of company in warm weather, and the price of coal caused Fred Seavey, the genial proprietor, to close up and go to Florida when cold weather came.

Consternation seized the ruminative ones. The winter in Norway lasts from Thanksgiving until the ice goes out in Lake Pennessewassee in late April. Mr. Seavey's volunteer guests were aghast. No warm radiators to lean against, no big glass window to look out of at the "passing;" nowhere to go unless they went to work. This alternative, the worst of all, stared them in the face until, as is fortunately often the case, the emergency produced a solution.

The editor and owner of the local "Advertiser," Mr. Fred W. Sanborn, has a tender heart. Finding the landlord immovable in his determination to follow Ponce de Leon, he set about to discover a way to end the suffering. A commodious store on the next block from the hostelry was vacant. This he hired, and put in a big box stove. A subscriber who paid in cord-wood was directed to take his load to the store. Chairs and benches, hard and plain, were put in and the key to the door thrown away. He dubbed it "The Weary Club," put out a bulletin-board and a thermometer, and invited the boys to make themselves at home.

The timely move was greatly appreciated. The Club soon became an institution. Men no longer have to stay at home in Norway, and risk trying the temper of their wives. For some reason, New England women preserve their vigor longer than the men, and they do despise laziness. In the fierceness of their energy, mental and physical, they have small appreciation of deliberation and a reflective temperament.

To the other accessories Mr. Sanborn thoughtfully added a supply of straight-grained pine and cedar, cut and split into handy sections. This is for the whittlers. All the "Wearies," as they have become known, whittle. They sit through the long winter with sharpened knives in hand, curling slender shavings into high heaps before each chair. For a time there was a disposition to make things like anchors and chains or grotesque canes. The strain, however, proved too great. So now they just whittle. No one is required to make any exertion, save that the first man in starts the fire in the box stove. He usually does this with the same match that lights his pipe, so there is no waste. The shavings do the rest. No one thinks of delivering four-foot wood to the Weary Club. It comes fitted for the stove. Of course, a stick or two has to be fed in now and then, but this is usually done by visitors.

Conversation is not required of mem-

"The Wearies" Norway, Maine

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bers. They can sit and think, or merely sit. No one cares. Sometimes they do converse.

Elgin Greenleaf recites his first ride in a speed boat on Moosehead Lake, which he stopped just in time to keep it from going over Squaw Mountain. They discuss the weather, make guesses when the ice will go out in the lake, and wonder how much Henry Ford gave their noted fellow-townsman, Mellie Dunham, for fiddlin' for him. Mellie has kept this a delightful secret.

Besides being a haven of rest for its members, the Weary Club is a real local convenience. You always know where to find a man. In the old days he might be waiting for the mail to come in half a dozen places. This involved a laborious looking up. Now but one spot has to be searched.

I forgot to say that in the modern rush the joy of waiting for the mail at the post office has been taken away. Smart letter-carriers tote it from door to door. Not many members of the Club ever get any mail, but waiting for it was a pleasant way of whiling away an hour twice a day.

The Weary Club ought to have exemplars all over the universe. It is a much better organization than its biggest rival, the "What's the Use Club."

An East Side American

The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

BRED on the East Side of New York, receiving his education as much on the streets as in school, Charles Stelzle went to college in the printing-press factory of R. Hoe & Company. In the preceding installment he has told of his apprenticeship there. Now he pictures from the workingman's point of view some of the workingman's experiences—unemployment, the saloon, the strike, the use of time off. He learned his sociology in the only sociological laboratory there is—life.

V

The Boss and the Barkeeper

ONE day the dreadful thing happened. Times had become very dull. The men were being laid off in relays, and some of them never came back to the machine shop. It was a good time to get rid of undesirable "hands."

I hated that designation. Why not "men"? I wondered whether my millionaire boss ever thought of them in that way. Apparently nobody ever knew.

A SHORT time before I was laid off, on a cold winter morning the janitor in the office failed to appear, and I was sent into the big boss's private office to build a grate fire. I had never seen a grate before. It was so big that I could almost get inside of it. Finally, just as I had got the fire started, I heard a step behind me, and there was the big boss, with a smile on his face, watching me.

"It's rather cold this morning, isn't it?" he said in a high-pitched, though not unpleasant voice.

He hadn't a very good reputation in the shop. He rarely was seen there, and he never stopped to speak to anybody when he did rush through any of the departments.

I'm afraid that I was so surprised that he spoke to me at all that I didn't have sense enough to agree with him about the weather, but the chill in my own heart toward him disappeared.

"You fellows are all wrong about the boss," I declared with vigor, when I returned to the shop. And I began praising him because of his friendliness toward me, perhaps beyond what was his due, considering the slight evidence he had given of what I vehemently said was his natural disposition. But, what was most important, my own mind was changed, because, for once, I had had a real human contact with the man who had heretofore stood in my mind for everything that was autocratic and despotic.

And so when I was laid off I took it as one of the things which just naturally comes into a workingman's life—particularly as I lost only two weeks' time.

During those two weeks I spent my time wandering about the city interviewing the bosses of other machine shops, asking for a job, but hoping that I would not find one, because I liked my own job best of all. I wanted to see what it was like really to hunt a job, because I had long been familiar with the bitterness which filled men's hearts when they were out of work.

Scores of other men haunted the gates of the shops that I visited, sometimes literally hundreds of them. I am afraid that some of the old resentment that the boss could hold my job in the hollow of his hand came back, aggravated by the treatment given me by many of the foremen or employment managers, who not only spoke gruffly but frequently swore at men who, because of their hunger or need of money for their families, were too aggressive in trying to find something to do.

I was later to find out what unemployment in a big city really meant when it became my task to help find jobs for hundreds of thousands of men and women in New York City. And the personal experience which I had that winter, when it really did not matter much whether I found a job or not, gave me a much broader sympathy for the unemployed than I would probably otherwise have had.

MOST of the men who were out of work spent their time in the saloon, even though they had not very much money to spend. There was no other place to which they could go, for the saloon was in a very real sense the social center for workingmen in practically every community. The old-time saloon has acquired a very bad name, and undoubtedly it deserved most of the things that were said about it. But very few of the temperance reformers have, or had, any conception of what the saloon meant to the workingman.

The saloon-keeper had a monopoly of all the small halls in the district in which the workingmen lived. The labor unions usually held their meetings in the back rooms of saloons, for which they rarely paid any rent, because the saloon-keepers were confident that the men would spend their money before, during, and after the

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meetings in sufficient quantities to make it worth while.

It was in the saloon that the workingmen in those days held their christening parties, their weddings, their dances, their rehearsals for their singing societies, and all other social functions. It was here that they were given opportunity to play billiards, pool, and cards; and often there was a bowling alley. Sometimes there was a gymnasium. In most cases the customers were freely supplied with newspapers. Music was furnished, especially in connection with summer gardens. More important than most of us think was the free lunch that was offered with a schooner of beer.

Undoubtedly, however, the chief element of attraction was the saloon-keeper himself. Prohibition agitators who pictured the saloon-keeper as a low-browed brute simply did not understand his relationship to the average workingman, and the workingmen simply laughed at this characterization. They knew better.

True enough, many of them were all their accusers charged them with being. But the average saloon-keeper was more than an ordinary retail business man. He was a social force in the community. His greeting was cordial, his appearance neat, and his acquaintance large. He had access to sources of information which were decidedly beneficial to the men who patronized his saloon. Often he secured work for both the workingman and his children. I recall that as a young apprentice, when I was arrested, as already told, the first man my friends went to was the saloon-keeper on the block. And he furnished bail gladly. He was doing it all the time.

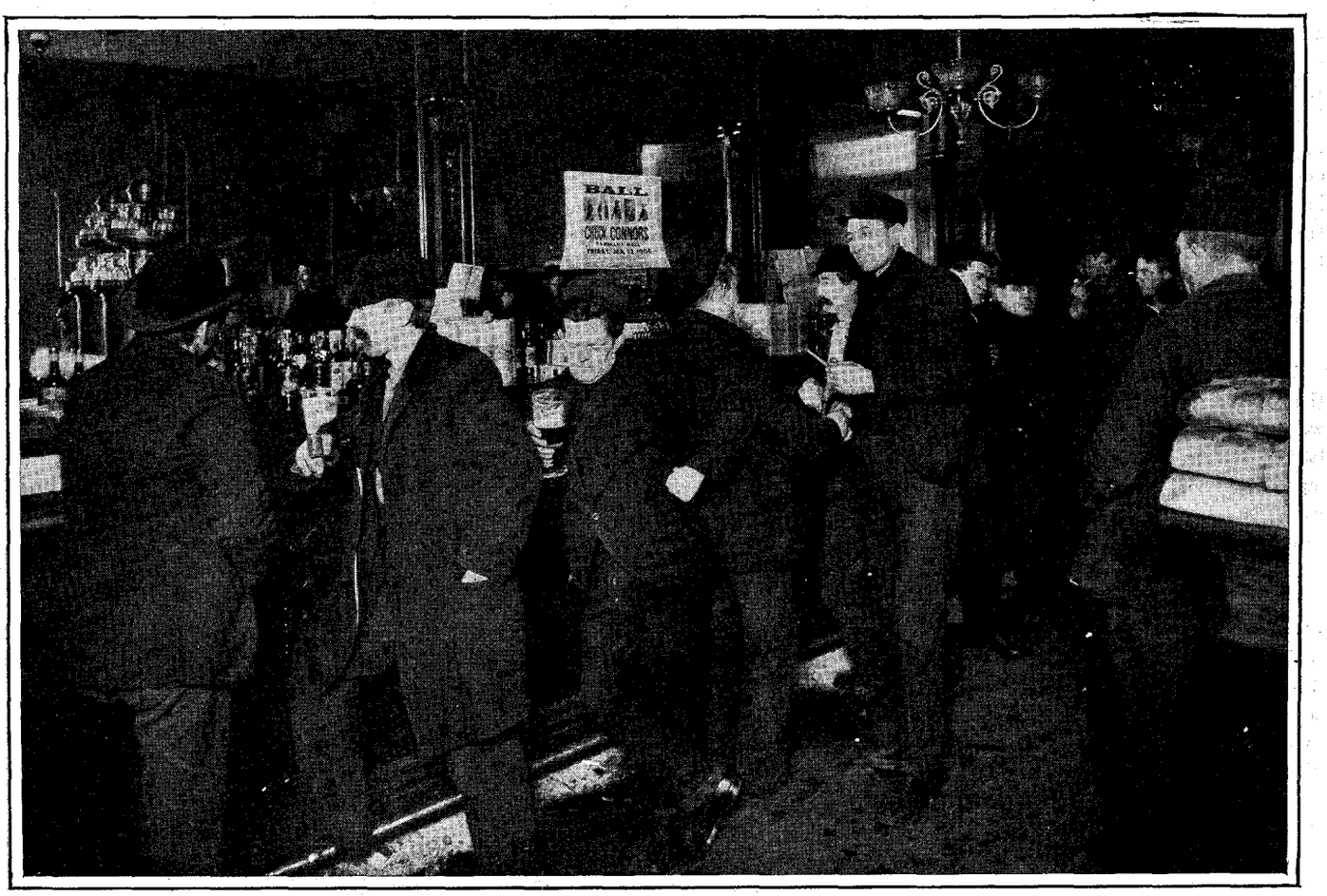
He had close affiliation with the dominant political party; he was instrumental in getting the young men of the neighborhood onto the police force and into the fire department, the most coveted jobs in the city among my young workmen friends. He loaned money without setting up the work basis of the Charity Organization Society. No questions were asked as to whether or not the recipient was deserving. Frequently he lent "hoping nothing in return."

He rarely permitted a man to become intoxicated in his place of business. In most cases he would permit neither swearing nor gambling. Usually his family belonged to one of the community churches, and they were not all of them Catholics, either. In later years, when I became a preacher, few greeted me more cordially than the saloon-keeper when I made my pastoral calls in his home. The Salvation Army lassie was never turned away; and woe betide the man in the saloon who tried to insult her! No wonder that the workingman smiled at the caricatures of the man whom he knew to be so very human and who was often one of his best friends.

To be sure, it would be a very easy matter to paint the other side of the picture. One could tell of the suffering caused by over-indulgence on the part of the individual workingman and the hardships which this indulgence caused his wife and children. That is taken for granted. But it is because temperance reformers so completely forget the human element in the saloon business that they have made so little progress in converting workingmen to the prohibition idea.

To strike is to many employers of labor the unpardonable sin. I recall in the main office of the shop in which I worked a photograph. Beneath the picture, in the narrow margin of the cardmount, was this legend:

HARRY JONES
Oldest employee in the Works.
Born in Wales Sept. 4, 1827
Entered our employ Oct. 1, 1843
HE NEVER WENT OUT ON STRIKE



Brown Bros.

"It was in the saloon that the workingmen in those days held their christening parties, their weddings, their dances, their rehearsals for their singing societies, and all other social functions"

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That was undoubtedly a fine record. To have been with the same concern so many years meant a great deal both to the firm and to the workman. But I confess I never could see the supreme virtue of remaining at work when a strike was justifiable—and there were undoubtedly occasions when it became necessary to protest in this fashion in order to better the conditions of workingmen, unless, of course, some fair means had been agreed upon whereby industrial differences could be arbitrated.

Anyway, a psychological situation is developed during an industrial conflict which inevitably gets practically every workingman concerned. One day the conductors and drivers of the old Grand Street line went out on strike. The utmost confusion reigned. According to the law, the company was compelled to run at least one street car a day over the line of its franchise. The strikers were determined that this should not be done. They piled trucks upon the tracks and in every way possible obstructed the course of the street car. In spite of police protection furnished by the city, every street car that attempted to make the trip had its windows smashed. In several cases the street cars themselves were turned upside down and laid upon the tracks.

This, of course, was highly exciting to us apprentices. One day all the apprentices in the shop resolved to take the afternoon off to see the fun. They followed the street car across the city, trailing behind the mob of strikers. I recall, once when the strikers were chased by a large force of policemen, that I was thrown down and my thumb was mashed by the heel of a husky driver. But I continued with the rest of the apprentices until we saw that street car through to its finish.

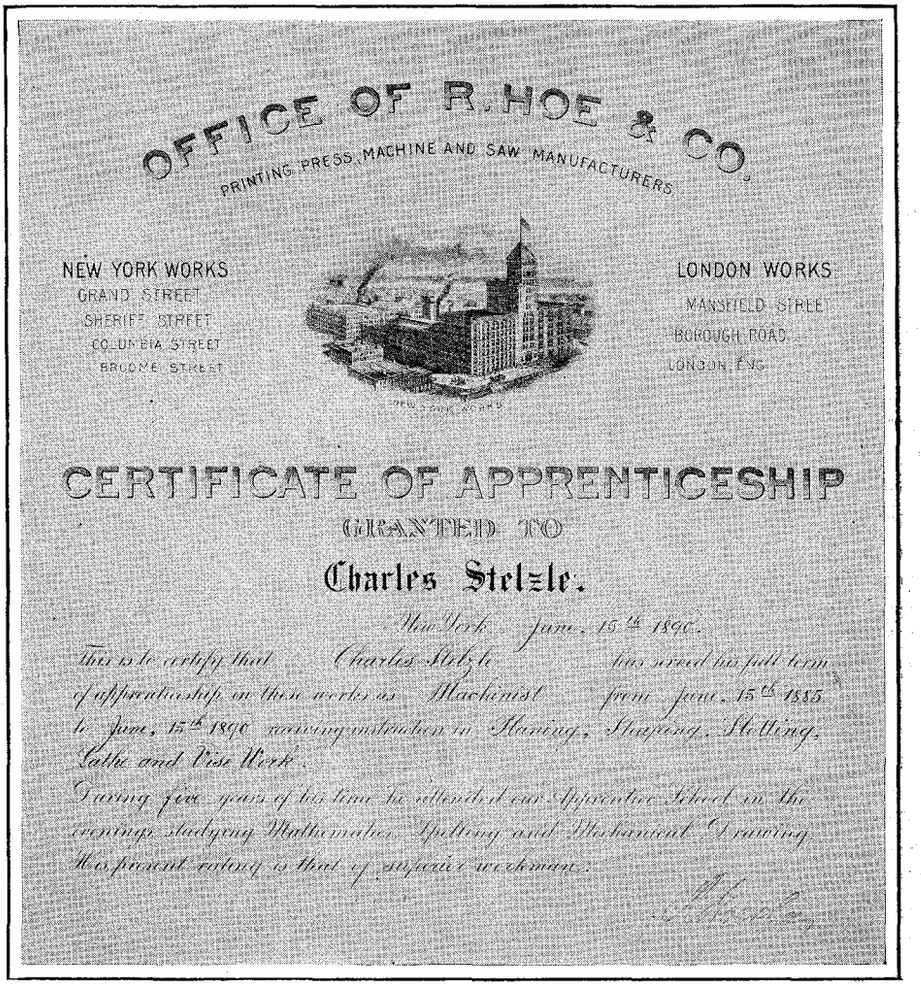
We had been warned by the bosses that if we left the shop that afternoon we would all be discharged, but the fever had got us; we cared nothing about being discharged, under the circumstances. Actually, none of us lost his job. When the superintendent was asked why he did not make good his threat, he simply smiled. He was a good psychologist. He understood that it was simply impossible for the boys to have remained at their machines overlooking Grand Street and see the mob pass by, with all the thrill of a baseball game, a fight, and a struggle to get more wages combined calling them to come on and have a part in it all.

I HAVE rarely met a workingman who envied the rich man his wealth; but I have known many of them who coveted his leisure, the chance to see things and to enjoy them. During the last few years that I worked in the machine shop I ran a planing-machine down in the basement underneath the sidewalk. The only daylight that I saw came through a tiny window, except when occasionally the back door leading into the yard was opened. I worked ten hours a day, with no half-holiday on Saturday.

Living in East New York, which was then the extreme end of Brooklyn, across the river, I was compelled to get up at 5:30 in the morning, and I never reached home until about 7:30. Although I thoroughly enjoyed my job as a machinist and truly was eager to get back at it in the morning, because there was a constant thrill about the new jobs that came along and because of my eagerness to excel, I greatly missed the opportunity to visit places in and about New York which I wanted so much to see.

So one day I broached the subject to the boss and told him that I wanted two afternoons a week off. I realized that this was an unusual request to make, but I saw no other way of getting the time unless I left the job. Finally he agreed. Furthermore, he astonished me by saying that he would raise my wages sufficiently so that there would be no actual money loss on account of the time taken off those two days.

When the old-fashioned bell rang at twelve o'clock on those days and I had pulled off my overalls, put them into my tool chest, and quickly eaten my lunch of bologna sausage, rye bread, and three or four apples, I followed my prearranged schedule, visiting art galleries or museums, going to lectures, or just roaming about the city. It was a grand and glorious feeling to realize that I actually had some time which was my own, so that I could go where I pleased.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CERTIFICATE OF APPRENTICESHIP

GRANTED TO

Charles Stelzle.

New York June 15th 1890.

This is to certify that Charles Stelzle has served the full term of apprenticeship in these works as Machinist from June 15th 1885 to June 15th 1890 serving on the branches of Planing, Shaping, Slotting, Lathe and Vise Work.

During four years of his term he attended our Apprentice School in the evenings studying Mathematics, Spelling and Mechanical Drawing. His present rating is that of superior workman.

"The only diploma which I have ever received from any institution is a finely engraved apprenticeship certificate, signed by the head of the firm"

THE only diploma which I have ever received from any institution is a finely engraved apprenticeship certificate, signed by the head of the firm, indicating the departments of work in which I was employed during my apprenticeship and giving my personal rating as "superior workman." It holds a prominent place in my office.

It states that I spent five years in my term of apprenticeship, from June 15, 1885, to June 15, 1890. Those years, together with my three years as a journeyman, constituted a background of education in the day-by-day problems of workingmen which has since been most valuable to me. That big machine shop

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actually became my training school, my university, my seminary. I am rather proud of the title "superior workman." I think I earned it fairly. Whatever else I may have done since the day I received my diploma as a graduate machinist has been based upon the broad education received among two thousand highly skilled workmen, among whom there was just as great a variety of opinion and human experience as one can find almost anywhere else in the world.

In the next installment of his autobiography Charles Stelzle tells of a choice he made for which he was called a fool

Planks in a Liberal Platform

By GEORGE FORT MILTON

IN his search for liberalism the editor of the Chattanooga "News" has recently made a trip through the West, and here reports some conclusions from what he there observed. Mr. Milton is a frequent and welcome contributor to The Outlook. During the last campaign for the Presidential nomination of the Democratic Party he was closely associated with William Gibbs McAdoo.

THE general economic situation portends the revival of liberalism as a political force in America. Cracks are beginning to appear in the much press-agented Coolidge prosperity. Rumblings of dissatisfaction from the farmers are louder and louder. The financial condition of large areas of the West is deplorable. Can it be that America is about to discard her rose-colored glasses and return to political sanity?

For at least two years American industrial and commercial groups have—would you say "enjoyed"?—a prosperity which has vastly affected their reactions to political and economic situations. Their psychological condition might be likened to the physiology of the human body. The stomach full of food to be digested requires the service of a large amount of blood, and the brain is deprived of a goodly portion of the blood supply it needs for efficient functioning. Perhaps a nation, like an individual, thinks better on an empty stomach.

The National attention cannot profitably be devoted to our grave economic and political problems so long as this full-bellied complacency continues. But a change is peering upon the horizon; indications are that the overwhelming industrial prosperity of the immediate past has reached its peak, and may shortly be on the down grade. Sober thought may not be far off.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss what political agency can best serve to consolidate the liberal forces. My own thought is that for all practical intents and purposes the Democratic Party is to-day our only effective political agency for liberalism in government. Third-party movements have been attempted again and again, latterly with unexpected ill success. They have built from the top down, have had candidates for President without having them for justices of the peace. A political party cannot be successful as an inverted pyramid; its practical efficiency depends as much upon its county organization as upon the magnetism of its Presidential candidate.

Although the Democratic Party is in many respects badly in need of democratization and has been politically bankrupt for six years, it does possess that Nation-wide organization by precincts, wards, districts, counties, and States essential to vigorous political life; and it is susceptible to control in the public interest, and can be made the aggressive champion of liberalism in government.

Yet it must frankly be admitted that the Democratic is the minority party, and can only succeed through attracting to its standard the great mass of the independent vote of America. Theoretically, the effort can be made to attract either the progressive or the reactionary independent. In actual fact, the reactionary field is so thoroughly pre-empted and possessed by the Republican Party that it is nothing short of suicide for the Democrats even to contemplate competition with the Republicans for this vote. It is a political impossibility.

But there are many reasons to believe that there are hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—of independents in America who would be attracted to a party which vigorously, consciously, and sincerely championed the welfare of the average man. This is a large and mouth-filling phrase. The party would have to be a good deal more specific than that. Any demagogue can prate that he listens to the voice of the people. The day has gone when empty phrases any longer attract intelligent minds. What specific liberal ideas can be found about which there will be a general agreement of the progressives of America? In other words, what should be the basic political issues of the conflict in which liberalist would be more than an empty phrase?

IT would be interesting to throw out a few suggestions for planks in the hypothetical progressive-Democratic platform. Any such document should be brief, unambiguous. The present platforms of political parties are in essence attempts to escape, and not to declare, the issues. This verbal duplicity should be thrown overboard. A proper party platform should be condensible, so that it could be printed on a post-card. Necessarily, such a pronouncement would not give the specifics for which the blocs so loudly clamor. But it would afford an unmistakable chart of the course of the party. Such a statement calls for a terseness of phrase and the keenness of thought of a Jefferson, a Lincoln, or a Wilson. But the main themes which will be embraced in it are not difficult to discover.

A program of the general nature outlined below should appeal with especial force to the liberal elements of American citizenship. Doubtless there are many of the points made upon which there will be keen disagreement. Yet it is impossible to hope for a thorough agreement of liberals upon all points. If by and large they adhere to a greater portion of any program, the likely result is a sufficiently homogeneous opinion to support an aggressive candidacy.

If there is to be any general resuscitation of liberalism in America, it is well that there be a full and searching discussion of the points of the progressive platform. Any popular party to be successful must have an agrarian basis. This was true in the days of Jefferson, and it is true to-day. The conflict between agriculture and industry is not a necessary one, but none the less it exists in the Nation to-day because of Hamiltonian policies allowing industry to wax fat on the carcass of agriculture—policies calculated to make the farmer a serf for the service of supply to the industrialist, bent to his will, and paid as little as possible. An America so regimented that

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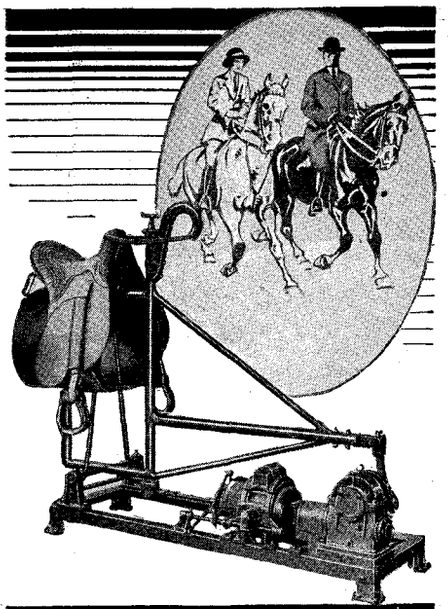

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the countryman is in chains to the city boss is an unlovely prospect; and any liberal party must have as a cardinal tenet that of placing the farmer on a basis of economic equality with the city dweller. The welfare of the Nation requires the healthy condition of agriculture. Unless the Democratic Party, or, for that matter, any liberal group, is ready to fight for the farmer, it has neither hope nor right to succeed.

The next broad issue is prohibition. Liberalism is a word which has been twisted from its true meaning by the drought-maddened wets of the East to nothing but advocacy of booze. I do not use it in this implication. I use it rather as meaning that fine Gladstonian spirit of cherishing the welfare and buttressing the opportunity of the average man. The progressive thought of America cannot afford to be wet. It cannot stand the odium of association with the thugs, touts, gamblers, and bosses who constitute the chief wet leadership. For a liberal party to declare itself wet would be suicide. The morals of it and the economics of it both impel a vigorous affirmation of the Eighteenth Amendment. The sentiment of the Nation is becoming dryer and dryer. The patent open and flagrant laxity of enforcement is building fires of wrath in the souls of the righteous. There never has been an actual earnest, powerful endeavor on the part of the Federal Government to enforce prohibition, and the rank and file of America are determined that there shall be a sincere attempt at enforcement. No wet party has the ghost of a show with the American electorate. The Nation is politically dry, and wants a real enforcement of its laws.

LET us attempt the enumeration of some of the items which should be basic in any liberal platform:

1. Prohibition. The Eighteenth Amendment cannot and should not be repealed; the wet wishes of some large cities is in no sense representative of the majority thought of the party or the Nation; the Volstead Act must be given real enforcement by the Federal Government. Lip service to the Constitution is not enough.

2. Tariff. There should be a scientific downward revision by experts. Take the tariff out of politics. Protect industries which are really infant, whose development aids the general welfare. As to tariff for industries which have arrived at manhood, let us treat the public as well as we treat the profiteers.

3. Taxation. The social aspect of the Federal income and inheritance taxes must not be forgotten. The basic principle of democratic taxation is found in the phrase "the ability to pay;" taxation should be reduced, with the reduction in favor of the man of small income, rather than the millionaire. It is important to preserve the Federal estates' taxes, for if this field be left entirely to the States there will result an inequality between States, for which Florida has already set an example.

4. The democratization of credit. This has been at one time accomplished through the establishment and success of the Federal Reserve System. The decentralization of control of money was accomplished through this magnificent agency; but the System has departed from the path established for it, and needs to be brought back to service of the general welfare instead of that of the vested interests. A change in the personnel of the Federal Reserve Board would be able to reclaim the System for the purpose for which it was originally devised. The dangers of a controlled currency are as great as the possible benefits are imposing. It can be particularly harmful if the control is not for the general good.

5. The democratization of justice. Some attempt needs to be made to end the separation between justice and law. The incrusting barnacles of precedent need to be scraped off the machinery of courts. Reforms of a type so stalwartly advocated by Chief Justice Taft and by the American Bar Association need to have application to the system. The complexity and conflict of statute law and the obscurities of common law call for the cleansing of the Augean stables of justice. The American Nation will deny its pledge of equality of opportunity to the individual if there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. Equal and exact justice is an essential preliminary to democracy.

6. Farm relief. Rational specifics for the farmer's difficulties are few and far between. There is no single guaranteed nostrum for agriculture. But a number of things can be done to strengthen the farmer's situation. Among these are: (*a*) Re-open foreign markets, perhaps with the Government forming a Federal dumping corporation to sell the farmer's exportable surplus, sustaining whatever loss is unavoidable. (*b*) Strengthen co-operative marketing facilities. (*c*) Reduce transportation cost. (*d*) Better credit and banking facilities. What the farmer needs is not necessarily more money, but cheaper money; his industry needs to be put on a basis where it will attract capital on the same basis as other industries. Co-operative banking should be legitimatized. (*e*) The "spread" between the producers' price and the price paid by the ultimate

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consumer must be reduced. (*f*) Eliminate the present vast and sudden fluctuations in farm prices which result from speculation and uncertainty.

7. Transportation and power. Consolidation of railroads, to cause them to effect operating economies to be reflected in lower rates. Rigorous regulation of their tariffs, expenditures, and operations. Government competition, such as has proved so helpful in Canada, as a possible aid to regulation. Control of electric power in the public interest is also becoming of vital importance. Ineffectiveness of attempts at State control of power rates and securities is more and more obvious. A strengthened Federal power commission, its membership nominated by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. It should have power of fixing rates and regulating distribution of power; there should be conferred upon it the same jurisdiction over the approval of security issues of power companies as is vested in the Inter-State Commerce Commission in the cases of railroads. Water power, like transportation, is in a sense a natural monopoly, involving increasingly formidable capital combinations, and must be controlled in the public interest.

8. International relations. The Locarno pact and recent developments in Europe have put a new face on the international situation. The country, perhaps, is disposed to consider that Europe is doing so well now in its organization for peace that it will not be necessary for America to go further than the World Court at the present. In international matters we shall have to await the operation of evolutionary processes before we can say definitely what America must do. The League of Nations will have the accession of the United States, if it ever has it, as an outcome of the inescapable logic of circumstance, and not because of the activities of any political party. America's attitude toward the League should be non-partisan, and perhaps entry into the world organization might well be made the subject of a Nation-wide referendum free from candidacies of individuals.

If some such general program as this cannot gain the approval by and large of our liberal forces, it would seem that there is not enough unity or coherence among progressives to justify any hope of success on a resurgence of liberalism in America. Let us hope that there can be a general discussion of these and other allied problems, and that before 1928 there will be some general consensus of liberal opinion sufficient to sustain a vigorous attempt to bring back our Government to consecration to the general welfare.

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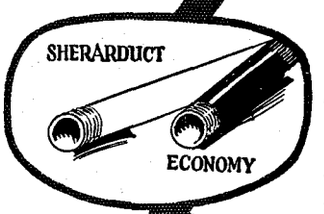

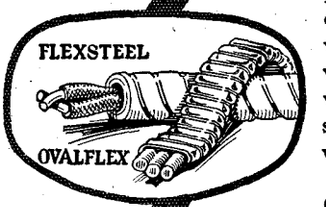

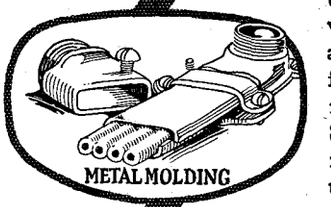

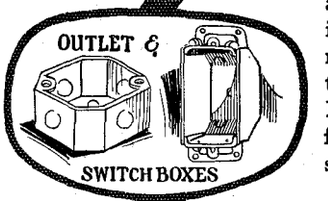

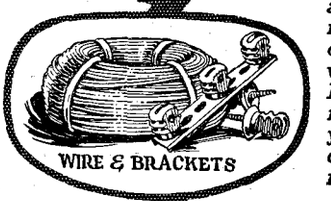

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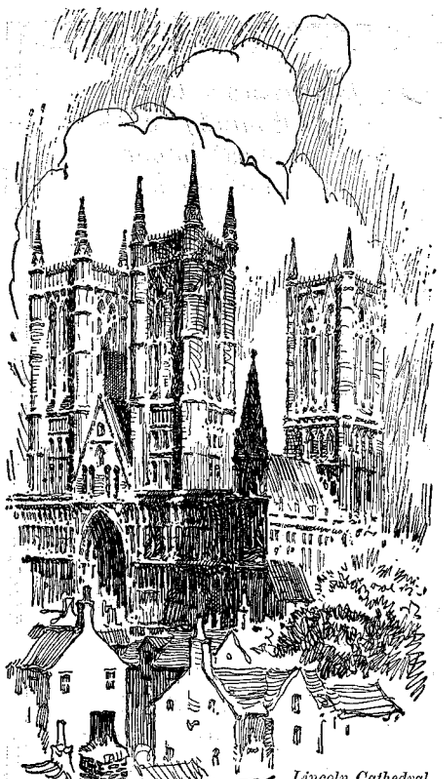
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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Our Times

TWO university professors, E. Benjamin Andrews and Harry Thurston Peck, wrote books describing the United States during a quarter-century which had recently passed. Dr. Andrews's "The United States in Our Own Time" covered the period from the end of the Civil War to about that of the Spanish War. Professor Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic" had the dates 1885 and 1905 as his boundaries. Mark Sullivan, the newspaper correspondent, in "Our Times"[1] essays to describe a period well remembered by persons who object vigorously if they are described as elderly—in other words, from 1900 to 1925; and this first volume he devotes to "The Turn of the Century" or 1900 to 1904. I believe that there are to be three more volumes.

His two predecessors in this kind of history were college teachers, but far from dry as writers. Mr. Sullivan as historian is even more informal, more human, and far more amusing and easy to read. He is a follower of the theory, developed by Macaulay and other historians of the nineteenth century, that the dates of wars and deaths of kings are, after all, not so important as the life of the average man. He has developed this idea to a point which might shock Macaulay and will certainly annoy some of the profoundly learned and painfully unreadable historians who still linger on the scene. Nothing which occupied or agitated or concerned the American citizen during the past quarter-century is contemptible to Mr. Sullivan; neither does he despise anything which entertained his idle moments. Race horses and farm horses; styles in dogs; music, good, bad, and indifferent; food and drink; clothes; Congressmen; variety theaters; wars and rumors of them; athletics and indoor games; automobiles; novels; jests and limericks; serious writers and newspaper humorists—all these may be found in this one dish of *bouillabaisse*. I am not sure if he describes the rise in favor and the enormous popularity of the hot dog—and its peculiar economic result in the price of tennis rackets—but if he does not do so in this volume, he certainly will in the next.

But this, you may say, is a mere hodge-podge of trifles, not worthy the attention of a historian or of that self-important person, the "serious" reader. By no means. All that one may require to know about the great events of the period and about the conspicuous personages are described adequately and well. For example, here are chapters upon the beginnings of two political leaders who had just emerged at the close of the nineteenth century: Roosevelt and Bryan. Here is an account of the aftermath of the Spanish War and the debates upon expansion and imperialism. Here is the beginning of something which profoundly affected American business and social life: the automobile. Here is a chapter upon the rise and decline in popularity of Admiral Dewey. Here also are discussions of the changing tastes in novels, in plays, in music, and in outdoor exercise.

But here also, and with the text actually illustrated in a very real sense by the many amusing pictures, are all those events, catch-words, nicknames, songs and rhymes, which the American citizen found in the pages of his newspaper during the first four years of the present century. I have had to carry the book around with me under cover of my coat, since every one who got a glimpse of it has tried to wrest it from me. Undoubtedly, it will give more pleasure to those who are old enough to have heard of Hobson of the Merrimac and his kissing exploits than to those young people to whom the hero's name is a name unknown. But as the history progresses it will grow increasingly nearer the present year, until only the infants fail to recognize its men and events. The chronicles of things which at the time seemed light and trivial are one of the strongest features of the history. Next, or perhaps before these, might be placed the author's exposition of the truth that generals and Presidents do not affect our lives so much as scientists and inventors. I have read no finer pages in any recent book than the chapter called "A Modern Warrior," with its descriptions of the work of General Gorgas, Walter Reed, and the other conquerors of disease. If one were asked to pick out a weak feature of the book, it would possibly be the pages in diary form under such headings as "Other Events of 1900." These give a somewhat scrappy appearance, and may

[1] Our Times: The United States 1900–1925. By Mark Sullivan. Vol. I—The Turn of the Century, 1900–1904. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

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lend some strength to any who wish to charge the history with triviality. But to mention these is to search for a flaw in a book which I have been reading with continual delight. E. P.

Fiction

PIG IRON. By Charles G. Norris. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

A budding author in this story confesses that he feels discouraged because, while he has five hundred pages of his novel finished, he has not reached the story part. It is not quite so far to the pig-iron part of Mr. Norris's new novel, and we may even take his Sam's obstinacy in love as part of the pig-iron idea, yet we could well spare much of the talk of the ultra-moral and much of the love-making of the at least technically immoral characters. We like the author's "Brass" better than his "Pig Iron." Both are well written, and they may be equally long, but the new metal novel certainly *seems* longer.

THE CHIP AND THE BLOCK. By E. M. Delafield. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

"The Chip and the Block" is a delightful book, principally because of the great understanding of the author for all her characters, even the egotist, Charles Ellery. There is no plot; the book is simply a character study of the Ellery family, in which the first wife, Mary, only figures for a short time. The episodes are the exceedingly ordinary ones that fall to the lot of ordinary mortals, but the artists, Charles and Victor, father and son, contribute largely to the gayety of nations, as does the elder branch of Ellery, the maiden aunts, Aggie and Lena. Caroline Considine, the second wife, is a quiet and humorous foil for her husband. But, indeed, every member of the group down to the Devonshire maid, Stella Vodden, is handled with consummate charm and not a little irony and pathos, especially Paul. Mrs. Delafield is a novelist of ability.

CLARA BARRON. By Harvey O'Higgins. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

Sordid in detail, but not half-baked as are most modern realistic novels, Clara Barron is an exceedingly truthful portrait of a certain type—the independent professional woman of the last twenty-five years, unmarried, and deep in causes and slogans. The picture of her is profoundly moving. A child who hates her weakling of a father and in her early maturity protects her mother from him, she breaks away from home, lover, and sister after her mother's death and goes to New York. Here she gradually carves out a place for herself and meets with Wayl, who is as much a waif of fortune as herself. She could have held him, but

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because of some strange inhibition she lets him slip through her fingers. Hungering body and soul for life, she cannot take it when it is within her grasp. And therein lies the tragedy of the story. Clara Barron is every moment a human being, real in spite of her corners. Wayl is most effective in the beginning, with his Socialistic orations and his soiled tennis shoes.

THE HAPPY GHOST. By H. H. Bashford. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Bashford has been compared as a short-story writer to O. Henry by English reviewers. In the matter of a quick turn and surprise at the end of a tale he surely has the trick perhaps even better than O. Henry; in other respects he is quite unlike the American writer. Naturally, in all collections of short stories the quality is uneven, but there are three here good enough for any story anthology—"God and the Bud-Openers," "The Miracle," and "Maud."

Biography

THE LETTERS OF BRET HARTE. Assembled and Edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Here is a book that fully lives up to the promise of its title. It is not possible for the thoughtless purchaser to make the mistake of those Theatre Guild patrons who take their young to "The Goat Song" under the impression that it is a fairy story about animals. You are promised a collection of Bret Harte's letters, and that is exactly what you get, 515 pages of them.

Mr. Bret Harte *secundus* takes several things for granted. He supposes the reader to be tolerably acquainted with the works of Francis Bret Harte, and equally familiar with the outline of his life; he imagines him anxious to learn more; and, finally, he counts him in that select company who would not rather suffer physical torment than wade through a volume of letters. Granted these things, the letters themselves probably give a better picture of the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" than can be found in any formal biography.

But it is not a particularly cheerful picture. Bret Harte was forced to seek a consular position abroad in 1878 in order to provide for his family in America. He never returned, and though the letters to his wife throughout their long separation are filled with conscientious impressions of Europe, and long accounts of whom he had seen, where he had been, and what he had done, the dismal note of financial anxiety and sickness sounds over and over, only ceasing with his death.

Francis Bret Harte is an important figure in American literature. He started something; he started the Western story (fleeing to Europe immediately afterwards), and if there were justice in this world the city of Hollywood would raise him a statue of gold in the market-place and all the editors of popular magazines would burn candles to his memory. He was unfortunate in that he looked more like a stage Englishman than any one ever did before, and this made him unpopular at home, where they wanted their Bret Harte more Bill Hart. He had a seeing eye and a sense of humor, and, for all that some of his stories are sentimental and old-fashioned in spots, he left behind a picture of the great days of California—California before the discovery of boosters—that will not be forgotten.

Philanthropy

DOLLARS ONLY. By Edward W. Bok. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Having accumulated a comfortable supply of dollars, Mr. Bok moralizes on the merit of using one's talents for other purposes than their accretion. Two pages and a half of the volume are given to a list of uplifting activities in which he has engaged since becoming rich enough to despise wealth-getting. They number twenty-five in all. Some, alas, brought him more money!

Psychology

INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By H. A. Overstreet, Head of the Department of Philosophy, College of the City of New York. The People's Institute Publishing Company, New York. $3.

The philosophers and psychologists are taking much interest in their fellow-men nowadays. Professor Overstreet is the most up to date in his approach to his consideration of the playful ways of mankind. He does not undertake to reshape the whole human system, but would improve it by overcoming or readjusting habits until the desired results are obtained. This he does not regard as a difficult process.

He declines to accept foolish young people as "degraded flappers" or "degenerate adolescents," believing that the base of their misbehavior lies in a perverted habit system, acquired through misinformation or the neglect or ignorance of parents. He justly remarks: "Most of us do not know how to observe character, and for that reason we are poor in reforming it. We take people rather blandly as a whole, approving or condemning in a mystical kind of way."

Professor Overstreet's theories are simple and encouraging. It is a delight to learn that it is possible to cultivate a sense of humor. Now and then fear is expressed that this primarily American quality is dying out. That it can be re-

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newed is refreshing intelligence. The work cannot be begun too soon. Humor, according to the author, is something far more than making jokes. This deduction can be arrived at easily by reading the daily work of the average columnist. Professor Overstreet holds that it is an attitude. We must become "playfully free" if we are to recover the fading glow of humor. "The effect," he concludes, "will be much like an actual vacation; we come back a little boisterous and contagiously happy."

A sensible and interesting volume, full of wise rules and real philosophy.

Songs

FOLK SONGS OF BOHEMIA. Illustrations by M. Fischeroni; Words and Music Arranged by Dorothy Cooper. Translated and published by Raf. Szalatnay, Czechoslovak Art and Craft, New York.

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Essays and Criticism

A CENTURY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Cornelius Weygandt, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

A long sub-title expounds the book: "A Consideration of the Place in English Literature of the Long Story; Together with an Estimate of its Writers from the Heyday of Scott to the Death of Conrad." This for its substance; for its method the author's preface claims little. He presents the book, not as an academic study, but as a series of familiar confidences, the fruit of "the reading and talk of a lifetime." "I should like," says this generous Professor, "to believe that the book is the summing up of talk of many people."

And such is our impression. It is a book to interest and incite the general reader. Special students of the modern novel will not find a great deal to bite on, nor will scholars be summoned by it to the lists. Its main fault is an odd one in a book which is, after all, of academic origin—a certain vagueness of definition. Mr. Weygandt seems to share that prevalent fear of the modern college teacher that he may talk like a professor. Just why he should want to talk like the man in the street or the scribbler in the newspaper office is not clear. What is he a professor for? On the other hand, nothing obliges him to profess all the time; and in this book, you may say, he is frankly not *being* a professor. To which we renig (as Hashimura Togo hath it) that literature is his special subject, and that a professor may reasonably be expected to be

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By the Way

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Over $3,000,000,000 worth of automobiles were sold in this country last year on the installment plan.

A bookseller telegraphed to Philadelphia for a copy of "Seekers After God," by the Rev. Mr. Farrar, and received the following reply: "No Seekers After God in Philadelphia or New York. Try Boston."

The magazines made up of supposed "true stories" have reached such enormous circulations (the original publication of this type has now passed the two-million mark) that the tabloid newspapers have adopted the policy of running daily confession tales. These "true stories" are written by members of the newspaper staff in their spare time. The usual rate of payment is twenty-five dollars per story, and an imaginative mind can average three stories per week. All of these tales follow a set formula. The key-note of that formula can be gleaned from the following excerpt taken from the instruction sheet of one of the editors: "Characters may do anything they please, but they must do it from some lofty, or apparently lofty, motive. If a girl falls, she must fall *upward*."

A great editor was dying. A physician leaned over him with a stethoscope, listened a few minutes, and then rose sadly.

"Poor man!" he announced. "Circulation almost gone."

With an effort, the editor lifted his head. "You're a liar!" he proclaimed, weakly. "Over four hundred thousand, and gaining every day."

Some statistics recently compiled by the Bureau of Census in Washington: Monthly average sales of music chain stores for 1925 totaled $1,101,000, as against $917,000 in 1924. The average monthly sales of the 1,420 Woolworth stores totaled $19,918,000; the Kresge Company averaged $8,831,000 per month in 298 stores; McCrory, $2,465,000 in 181 stores; and Kress, $830,000 in 166 stores. Child's restaurants averaged a monthly business of $2,028,000 in 1925, as compared with the monthly average of $1,945,000 in 1924. The Census Bureau predicts that the population of continental United States will be 117,135,817 by July 1 of this year.

"I have nothing but praise for the new minister," said a member of the congregation to the usher after the morning service. "So I observed while passing the plate," replied the usher.

John Casey, of Dublin, Ireland, a day laborer who has been drawing an unemployment dole from the British Government, now has an income of a thousand dollars a week from two plays written while idling at the expense of the Government. One of these dramas, "Juno and the Paycock," is now playing in New York.

The University of Kansas now announces that the reported "Red Flag of Bolshevism" which was secretly hoisted to the top of the R. O. T. C. flagpole turned out to be only a pair of scarlet bloomers.

A laundry in Brockton, Massachusetts, advertises that it will wash dogs and cats as well as collars and shirts.

The gospel of efficiency which on its negative, joyless side is the inability to see

(Continued on page 504)

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REFINED, educated middle-aged Protestant woman to oversee housekeeping for widower, 2 children. Must be kind, good natured, and have good reference. New Jersey city, 1 hour from New York. Address, giving age, salary, all particulars, 6,789, Outlook.

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lunt Ave., Chicago.

WANTED—Competent woman as housekeeper and entire charge child aged three, widower's home; cook is kept. Best references required. Write for appointment, Apartment 8 C, 655 Park Ave., New York.

WANTED — Protestant working housekeeper. Best references required. Address "Penllyn," Whippany Road, Morristown, N. J.

WANTED—Refined young woman, assist with children and housework. Tel. Atwater 9255.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AN educated woman, experienced in institutional care of children, desires position in a children's home as caretaker, matron, or supervisor. Good references. 6,780, Outlook.

CAPABLE, adaptable young woman of refinement, having some hospital training, wishes position—nursery governess, companion, or any position of trust. A1 references. 6,787, Outlook.

DARTMOUTH graduate, Amos Tuck student, desires position, preferably traveling. Specialty tutoring. Typist. Drive car. Best references. 6,784, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE POSITION in educational field desired by university graduate, American, 38. Experienced. References. 6,742, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED housemother desires connection with boys' school or institution. Highest references. Would accept assistant housekeeper school or hotel. 6,783, Outlook.

GIRL, 23, wishes work in garden or apiary, or as nature study councilor in children's camp. Has some agricultural college training. A. Hull, 424 Main St., Agawam, Mass.

GOVERNESS, companion, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman. 6,785, Outlook.

INTELLIGENT woman wishes position traveling companion. 6,719, Outlook.

NURSE, graduate, desires position with an invalid or children. Will travel, or go to the country. Excellent references. 6,767, Outlook.

POSITION as practical nurse or companion by young woman, home or travel. Excellent references. 6,781, Outlook.

SUPERVISING housekeeper, 50. Refined. Lewis trained. Hotel experience. 6,771, Outlook.

TUTORING by young college man, for summer, in refined family. Box 131, Upton, Mass.

TUTOR or governess. Summer position desired by college sophomore, Protestant. References. Will travel. Address 6,786, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY student, responsible, experienced in boys' camp work, wants charge of one or two boys for four months, beginning June 1. For information apply to Helena M. Mackie, 6 East 61st St., New York City.

WANTED — Position as companion by American girl; cultured, cheerful, and capable. Will travel. Excellent references. 6,775, Outlook.

YALE student desires summer position traveling as tutor to small boy or companion. Excellent references. 6,779, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, commercial teacher, wishes summer position traveling as companion or secretary. Will exchange services for traveling expenses. 6,774, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as governess. Can instruct all elementary subjects, including piano, also rowing, canoeing, and swimming. 6,791, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

PERPLEXITY Bureau. Information and suggestion along various lines. Reasonable charge. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

DESIROUS of joining private party for touring and hiking on Continent this summer. 6,777, Outlook.

DESIROUS of sharing home and expense in New York suburbs, by widow whose only son is located in city. 6,776, Outlook.

ENGLISH boy for adoption; 7 years old, good looking blond, blue eyes, good family. 6,778, Outlook.

the value of things that cannot be used is illustrated by Dean Sperry as follows: "A young American who was found perched upon a hillside looking out over the Pacific Ocean, where not a sail nor a smudge of smoke on the sky-line was visible, was overheard to say, 'Yes, it's beautiful, but I hate to see all that water out there doing nothing.'"

Dr. D. Fourmenthal, who was sent to America by the French Government to study our methods of making women more beautiful, found that forty per cent of the clients of the Chicago beauty doctors are men wanting wrinkles removed from about their eyes.

"Henry, it's raining cats and dogs. We must lend Mrs. Whitaker an umbrella, or she will get drenched going home."

"My dear, it's impossible. The only umbrella we've got has her husband's name engraved on it."

Do you remember the mechanical pianos of the old ice-cream parlors? These are now being replaced by radios which through a new invention operate on a "nickel in the slot" policy.

The "Epworth Herald" tells the following story:

Coal Man: "When I got around with that load o' coal for Mr. Jones, 'is 'ouse was on fire."

Coal Merchant: "That's unfortunate. I suppose he told you to bring it back?"

"No; 'e said if it was anything like the last lot I'd better throw it on."

Rupert Hughes is going to cash in on the publicity he received last Washington's Birthday by criticising the private life of our first President. He admits that his forthcoming book on George Washington was written on account of that publicity.

A Connecticut lady's hobby of collecting every wooden cigar-store Indian she hears about accounts, no doubt, for the inability to find one of these old landmarks in the city of New York. Sitting Bull, Rain in the Face, Black Hawk, and all the other dignified chiefs of the redskins now stand in solemn rows across a bleak Connecticut field.

A very popular Broadway drama tells the story of a jazz singer who becomes a famous cantor in a synagogue. Chicago papers now tell us of Bud Varn, until recently a Baptist evangelist and the possessor of a Doctor of Divinity degree, who is now a blackface singing comedian on a Chicago vaudeville circuit.

Mama: "Where have you been, my son?"

Small Boy: "Playing ball."

Mama (severely): "But I told you to beat the rug, didn't I?"

Small Boy: "No, ma'am; you told me to hang the rug on the line and then beat it."

A theater in Brockton, Massachusetts, conceived the publicity scheme of staging a tug of war between eight bobbed-haired girls and eight unbobbed girls. Difficulties experienced in finding eight young ladies with long hair almost killed the stunt.

Teacher: "Why are you late?"

Pupil: "A man lost a dollar bill, and there were a hundred people looking for it."

Teacher: "That's no excuse."

Pupil: "It certainly is. I was standing on it."

Answer to last week's anagram: "East," "seat," "teas," "eats," "sate."

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